

AMERICAN
COMICS GROUP

ACG

The FUNNIEST KID IN TOWN!

AMERICAN
COMICS GROUP

ACG

No 45,
NOV.

10¢

COOKIE



SOME
BRAKES,
HUH,
COOKIE?

SCREECH!

STOP



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

NOW

MOVIES in YOUR HAND!

REAL MOVING
PICTURES OF
YOUR FAVORITE
WALT DISNEY
CHARACTERS...
SHORTS...WESTERNS
AND MANY OTHER
WONDERFUL
SUBJECTS!



melton mascot movie viewer

It's easy...loads
auto-magically! Full,
complete motion-
picture shorts! See
them over and over...
AND...

- ▲ NO WINDING
- ▲ NO PROJECTOR
- ▲ NO SCREEN



Copyright
Walt Disney
Productions



\$3.00
complete

for
*VIEWER
*ONE MAGAZINE
(WALT DISNEY
SHORT)

"SEALED" FILM MAGAZINE!
EACH FILM IS PROTECTED IN A
SEALED CONTAINER.

EACH FILM
ROLL IS IN
ITS OWN
SEPARATE
PLASTIC
MAGAZINE...



EACH FILM
MAGAZINE
IS
INSTANTLY
READY FOR
VIEWING...

ADDITIONAL FILM MAGAZINES ARE
ONLY \$1.25 EACH. ORDER YOUR EXTRA
MAGAZINES NOW...WRITE FOR A COM-
PLETE LIST OF AVAILABLE SUBJECTS
TO:-

BAYMOR TRADING CO.
Room 1402, Dept A
45 West 45th Street
New York 36, N. Y.

**SORRY
NO C.O.D.s**

Please find enclosed my cash, check or
money order for \$3.00. Send my Melton
Mascot Movie Viewer plus one Walt
Disney short to:

Name _____

Address _____

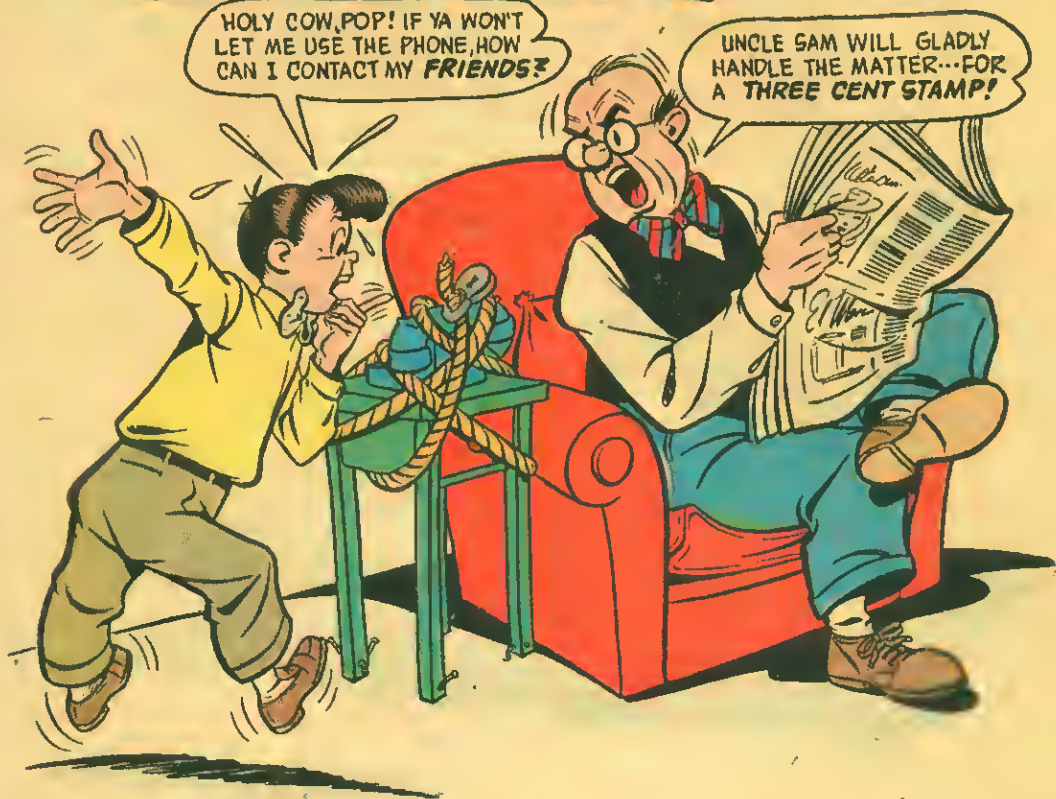
City _____

Please send me _____ magazines at \$1.25
each. My cash, check or money order
for _____ is enclosed. I have marked a
number in one of the boxes below to show
you which subjects I want and how many
magazines I want.

☐ Cartoon ☐ Comedy ☐ Sport ☐ Western

Insert the magazine into your
viewer...turn the handle...and watch
the pictures come to life! A wonderful
variety of film short subjects are
now available...including 20 new
WALT DISNEY films! Each film comes
sealed in its own bright, colored
plastic magazine!

"COOKIE"



HOLY COW, POP! IF YA WON'T LET ME USE THE PHONE, HOW CAN I CONTACT MY **FRIENDS?**

UNCLE SAM WILL GLADLY HANDLE THE MATTER...FOR A **THREE CENT STAMP!**

WHY, SURE I LOVE YA, ANGELPUSS! YEAH...YEAH!... WHAT? NAW! JITTERBUCK AN' I WENT TO THE BALL GAME, AN' THEN DOWN TO THE **SODA JERKERIE!** MAN, MAN, WAIT'LL YA HERE WHAT HAPPENED **THERE!**



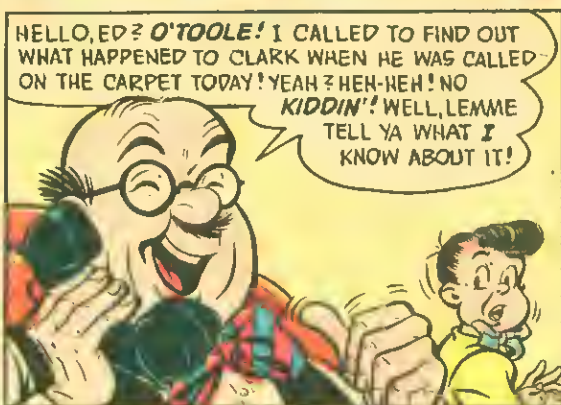
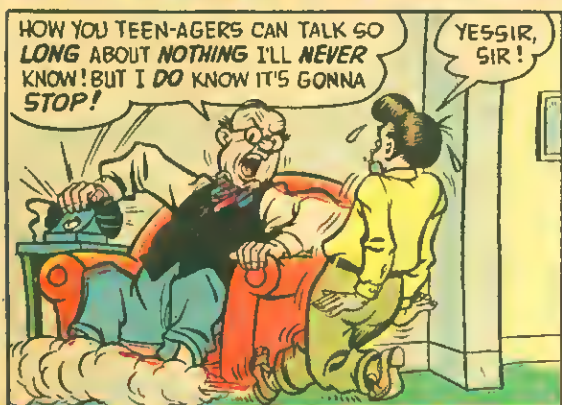
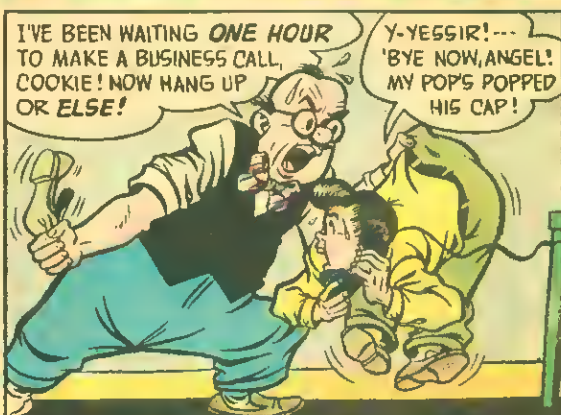
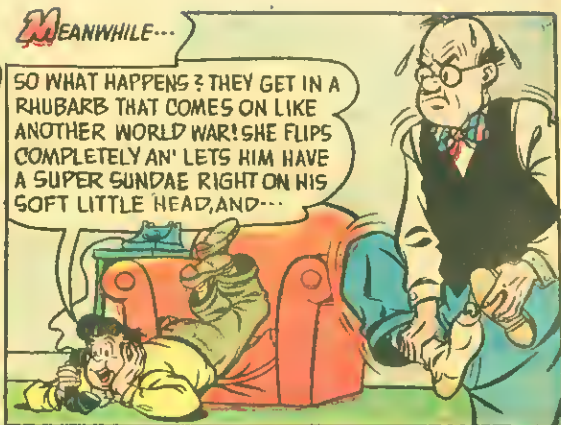
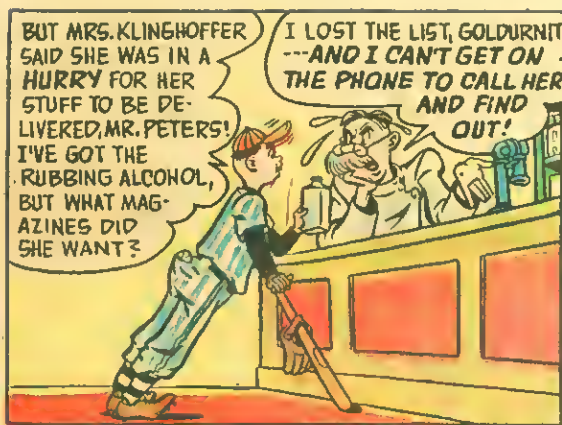
AND SUFFERING ON THE PARTY LINE...

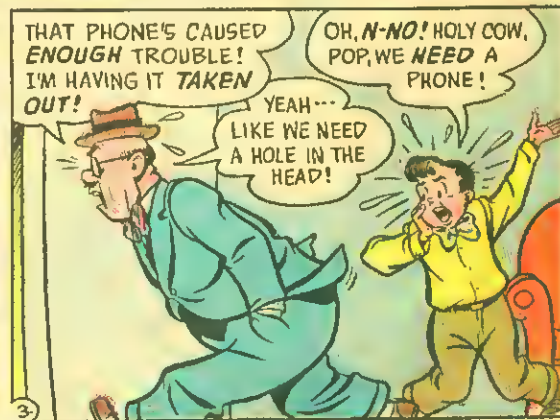
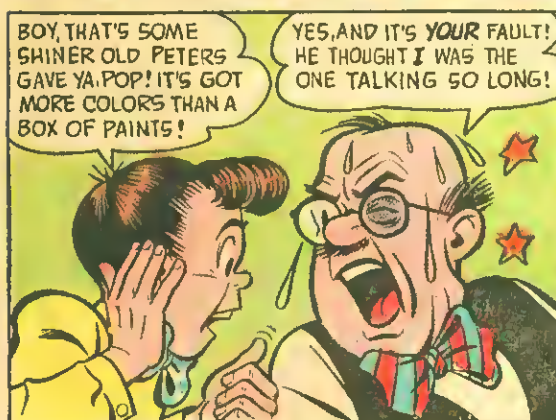
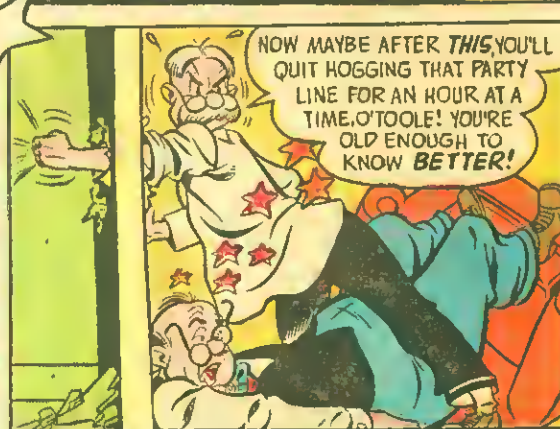
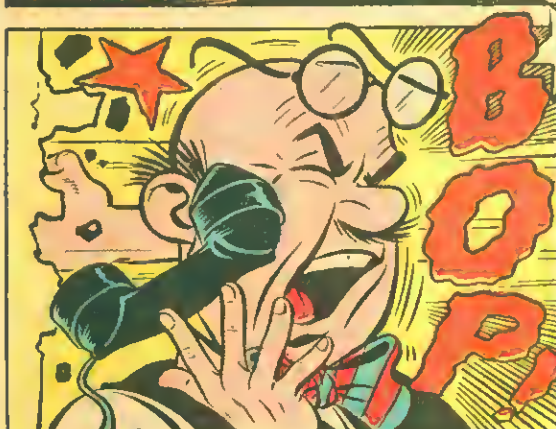
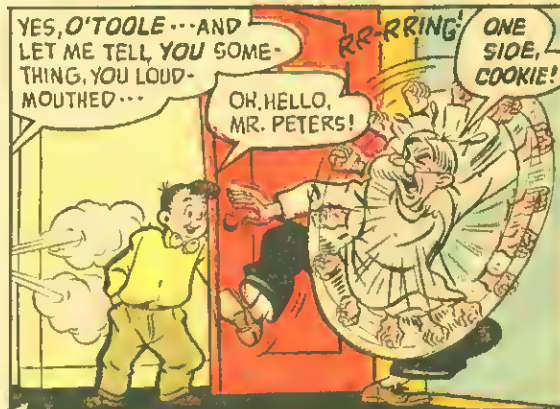
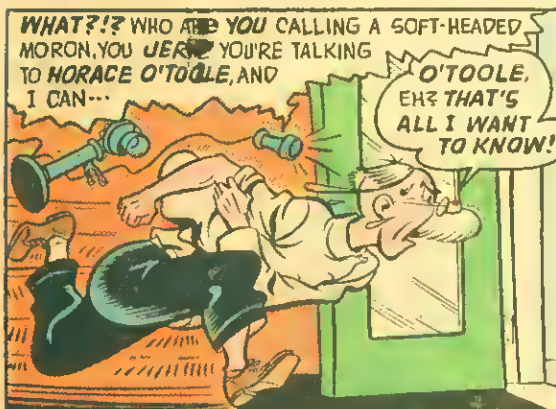
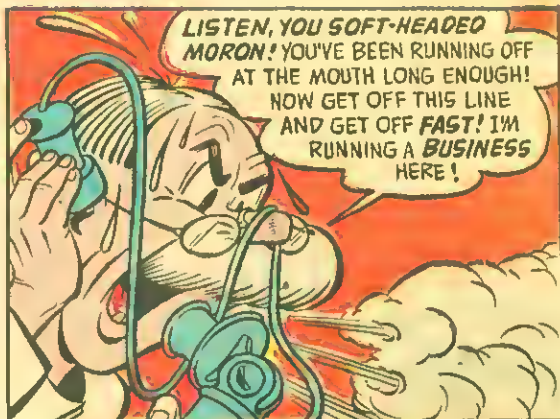
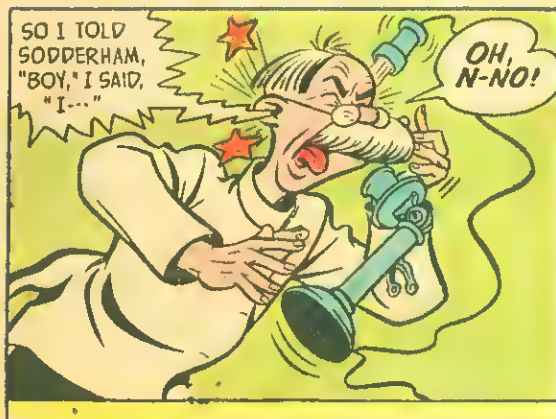
YA WANNA HEAR ABOUT IT **NOW?** WELL, THIS DOUBLE BUBBLE COMES IN WITH THIS HERD, SEE? THE CHICK'S A DOLLY, BUT THE ODD BALL IS **CRAZY!** HE'S COMPLAININ' ABOUT HER BUSTIN' HIS SHAFTY DETROIT IRON, AND SHE'S LASHIN' HIM WITH A WET NOODLE!

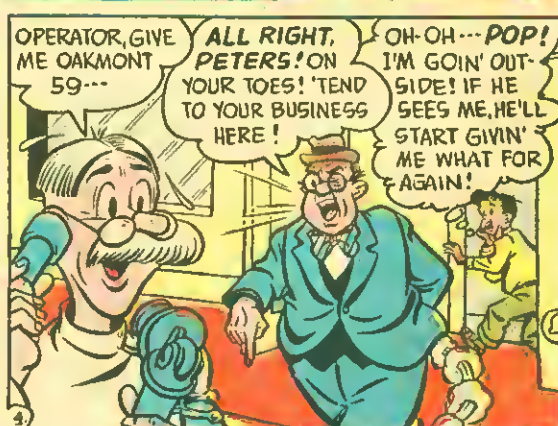
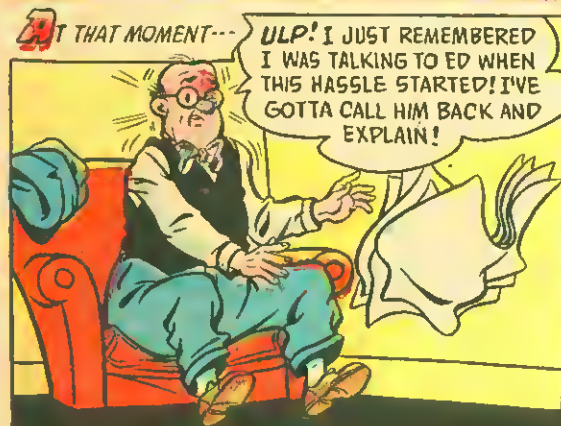
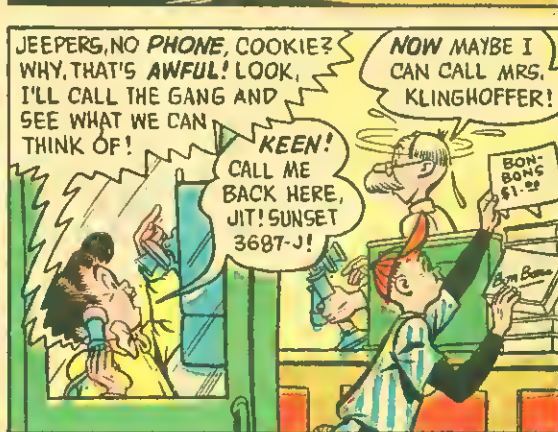
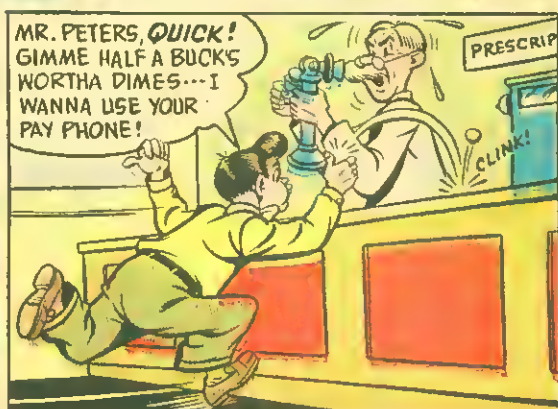
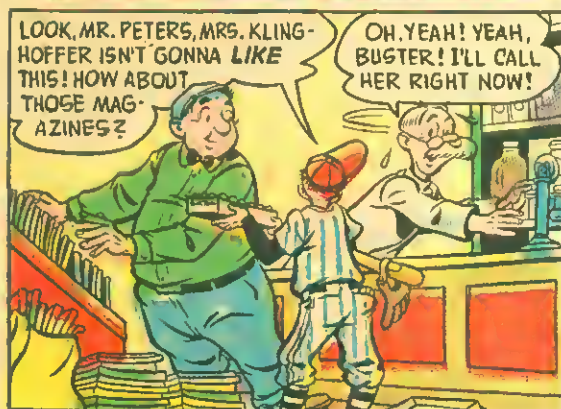
HOLY SMOKE, THE'RE **STILL** ON!

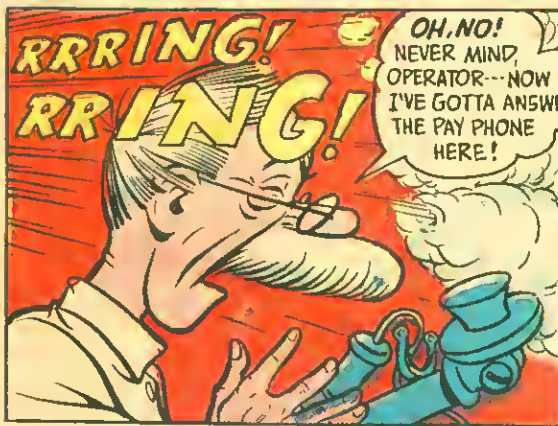
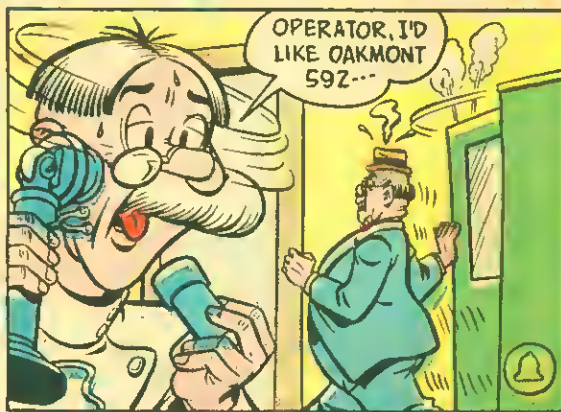
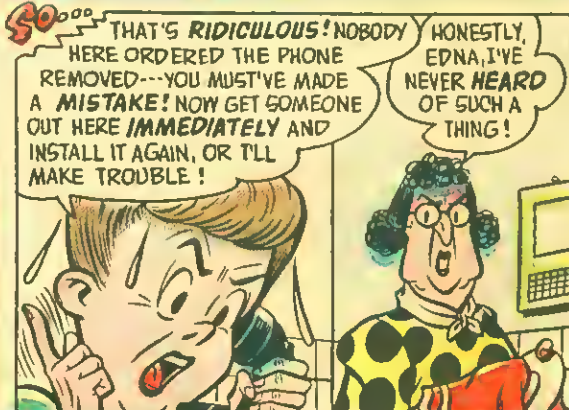
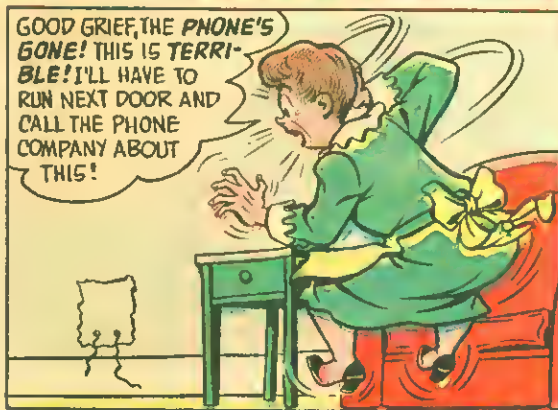
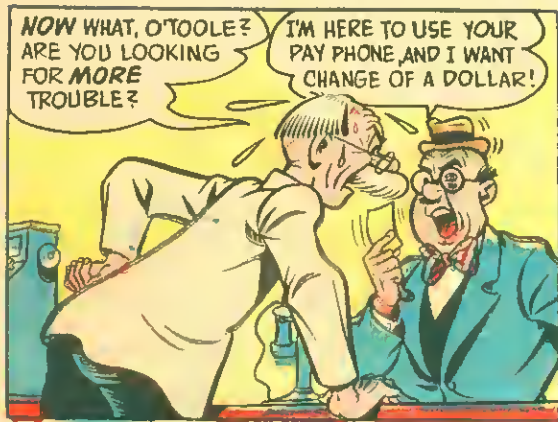
PRESCRIPTIONS

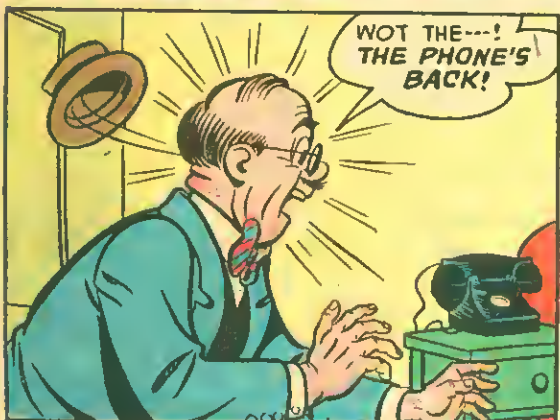
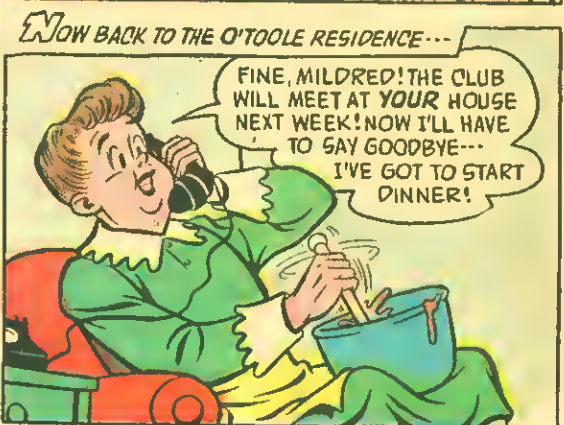
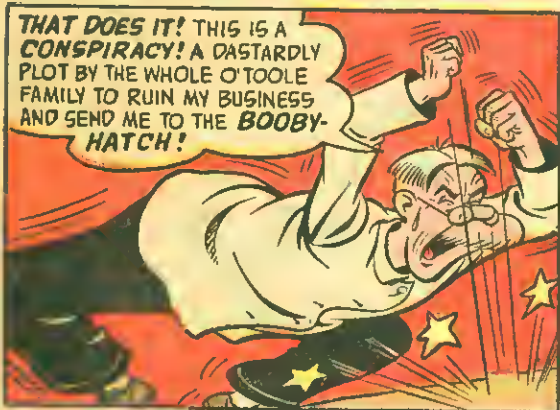
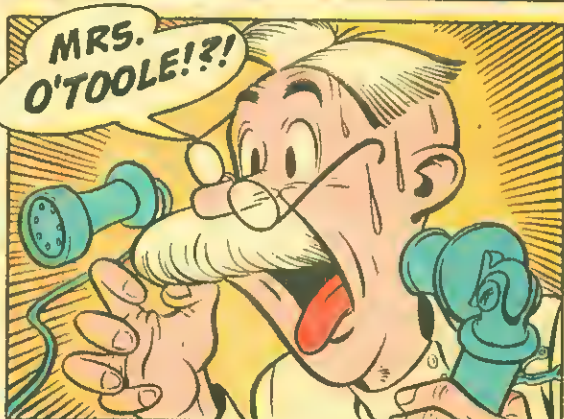
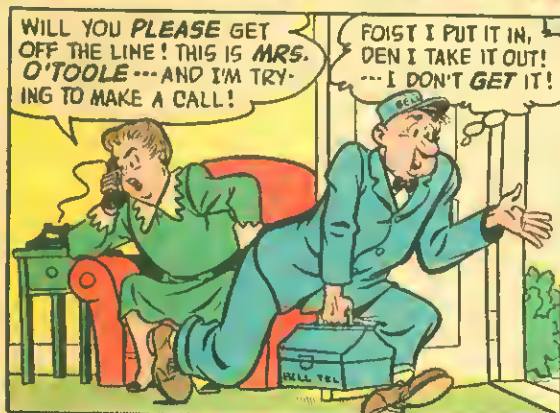
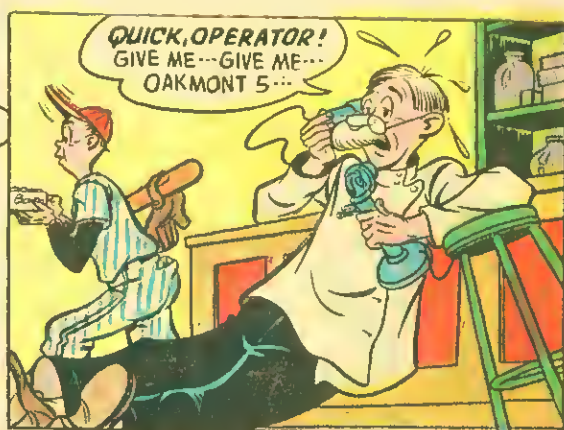
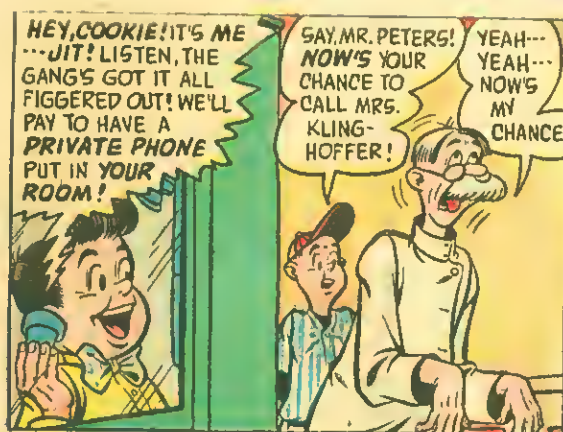












MINUTES LATER...

20 YEARS WIT' DA COMPANY, AN' I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE **DIS!**

GOOD HEAVENS... THE PHONE'S GONE AGAIN! POPOO'TOOLE, DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THIS?



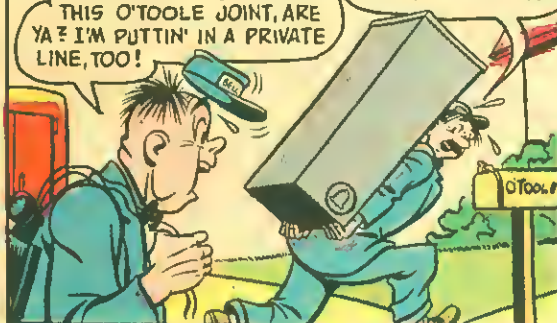
GULP! MOM'S RIGHT, BUT... **WAIT! I'VE GOT IT!** I'LL HAVE A **PAY PHONE** PUT IN HERE! THAT'LL KEEP COOKIE FROM USING THE PHONE ALL THE TIME!



LATER...

HEY, WHAT GIVES, SPIKE? YOU'RE NOT PUTTIN' A **BOOTH** IN THIS O'TOOLE JOINT, ARE YA? I'M PUTTIN' IN A **PRIVATE LINE**, TOO!

ALL I KNOW IS THE OFFICE TOLD ME TO INSTALL IT!



AND SO...

THAT'S RIGHT, MILDRED... IT'S A NEW PHONE THAT **MR. PETERS** HAD PUT IN FOR US!

HEY, JIT! THANK THE GANG FOR MY NEW PHONE... IT'S **GREAT!**

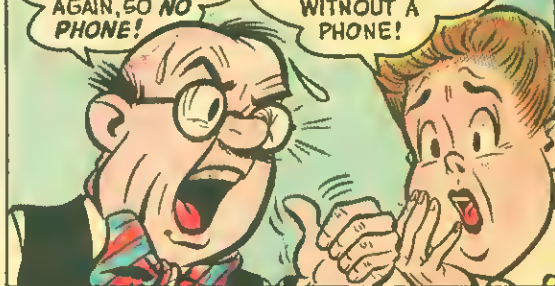
EVERYBODY'S GOT A PHONE OF THEIR OWN EXCEPT ME! I HAVE TO USE THE **PAY PHONE!**



SO...

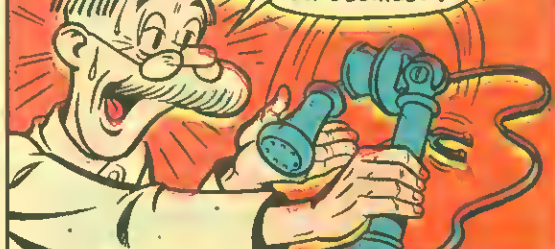
...AND THAT'S THE STORY! I'M NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES ON GETTING **SLUGGED** AGAIN, SO **NO PHONE!**

WELL, YOU'RE THE HEAD OF THE NOISE, POP, BUT IN **THIS DAY AND AGE**, IT'S GOING TO BE PRETTY HARD TO GET ALONG WITHOUT A PHONE!



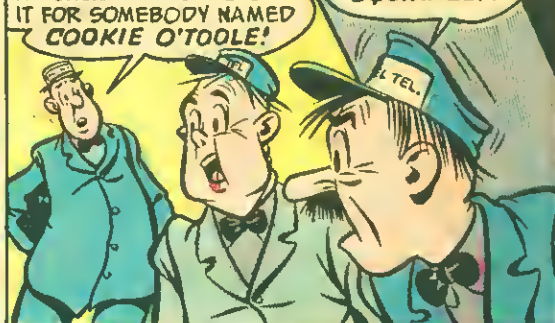
AND AT THE SAME MOMENT... AT THE DRUG STORE...

I KNOW WHAT I'LL DO! I'LL PAY FOR A **PRIVATE PHONE** TO BE PUT IN THE O'TOOLE HOUSE! IT'LL **COST ME**. BUT THAT'S BETTER THAN LETTING THEM RUIN MY BUSINESS!



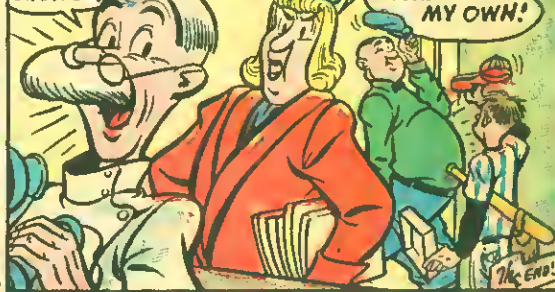
HUH? I'M PUTTIN' IN A **PRIVATE LINE** HERE TOO! A BUNCH A KIDS ORDERED IT FOR SOMEBODY NAMED **COOKIE O'TOOLE!**

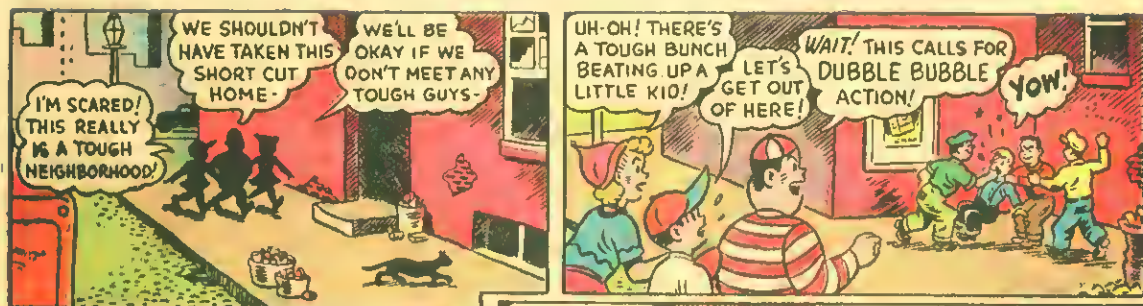
THREE PHONES? THIS FAMILY'S **SQUIRRELY!**



NOW AT LAST I CAN CALL MRS. KLINGHOFFER AND FIND OUT WHAT MAGAZINES SHE WANTS!

THAT WON'T BE **NECESSARY**, MR. PETERS! I CAME DOWN AND **PICKED OUT MY OWN!**

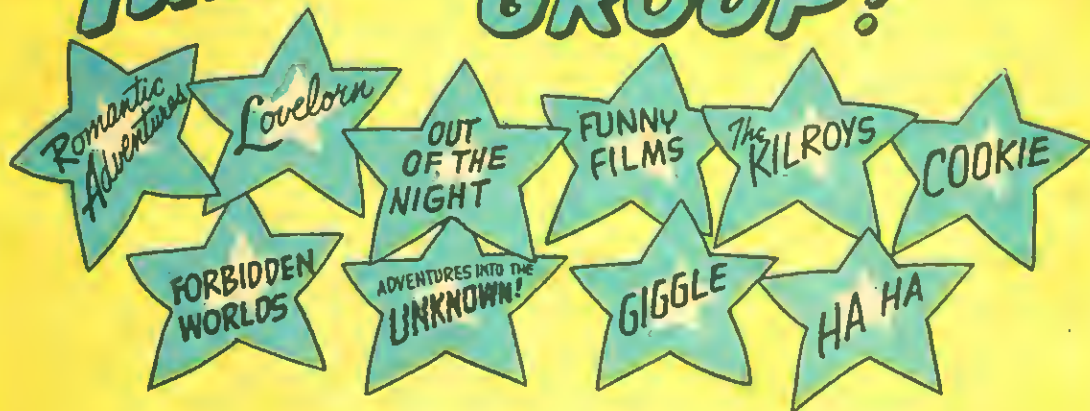




For recommended reading...



AMERICAN COMICS GROUP!



They're the terrific ten...
THE GREATEST GROUP
of HEADLINE HITS IN HISTORY!



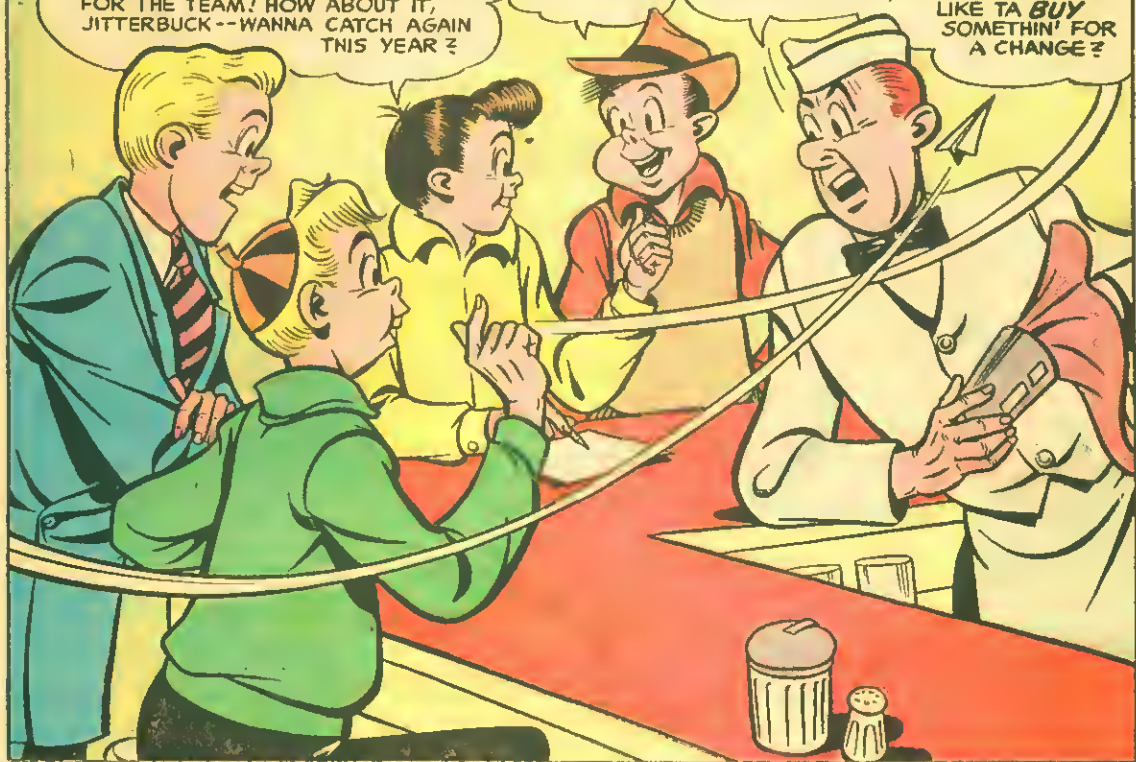
READ THEM ALL
..REGULARLY..
Read **AMERICAN!**

COOKIE

GOOD OL' BASEBALL SEASON AGAIN! LET'S MAKE OUT A LINEUP FOR THE TEAM! HOW ABOUT IT, JITTERBUCK--WANNA CATCH AGAIN THIS YEAR?

OKAY WITH ME!

I DON'T WANNA INTERRUPT ANYTHIN', BUT WOULD YOU FELLAS LIKE TA **BUY** SOMETHIN' FOR A CHANGE?

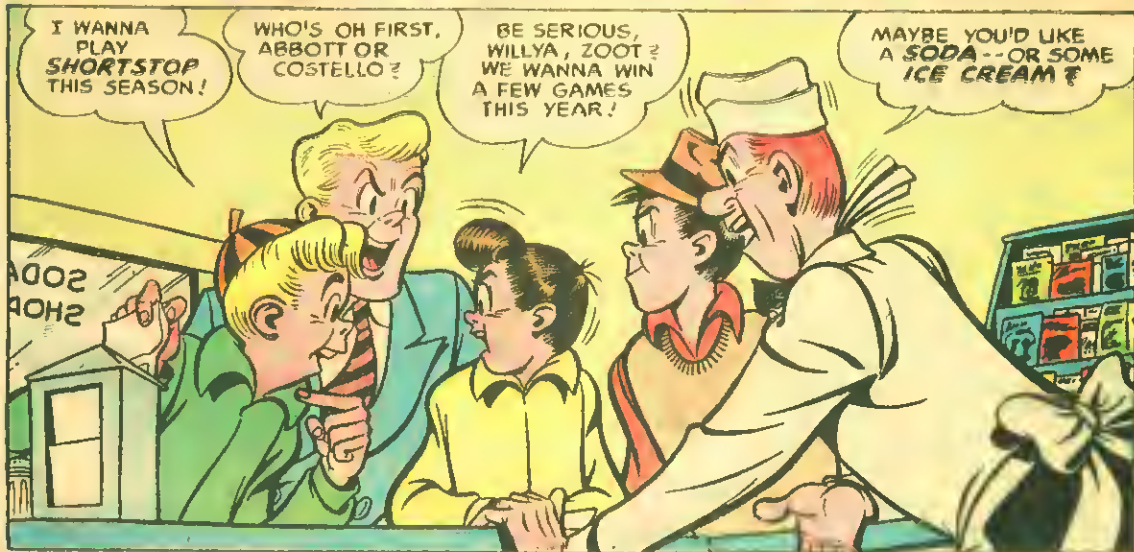


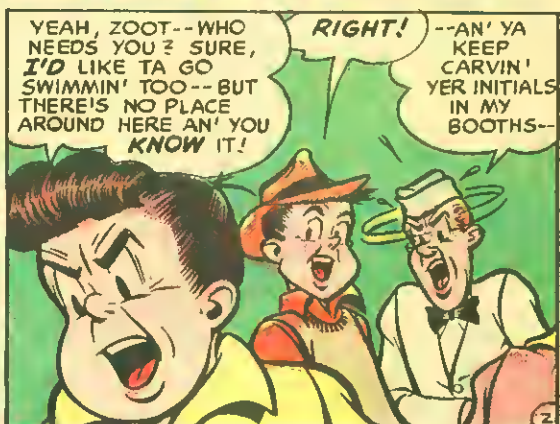
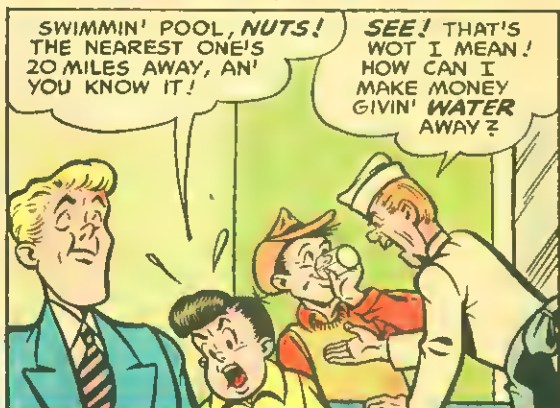
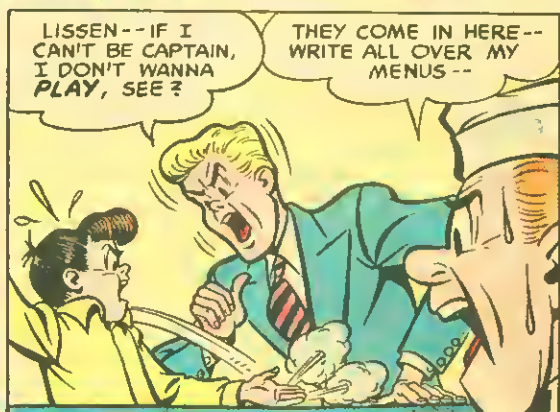
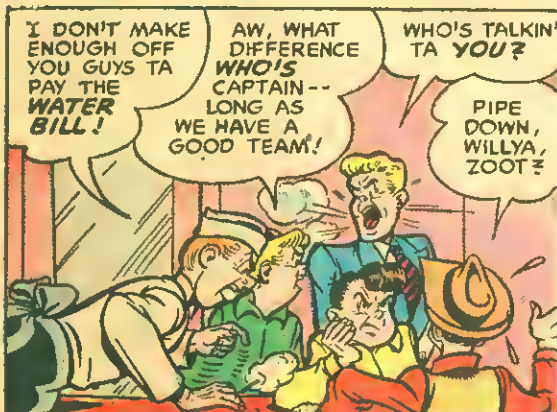
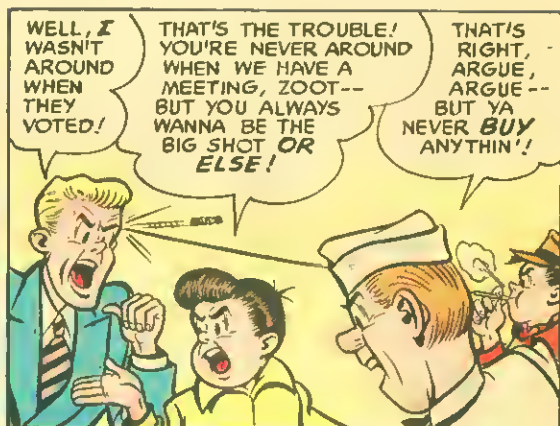
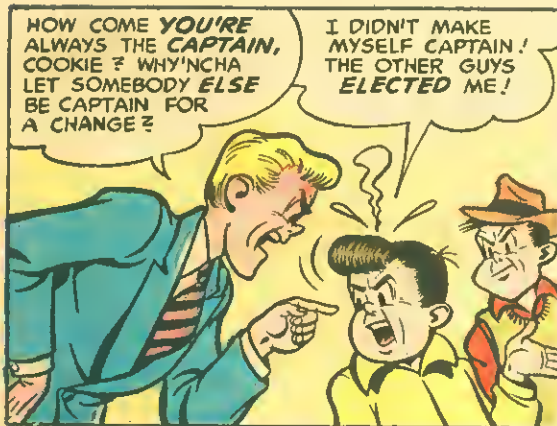
I WANNA PLAY **SHORTSTOP** THIS SEASON!

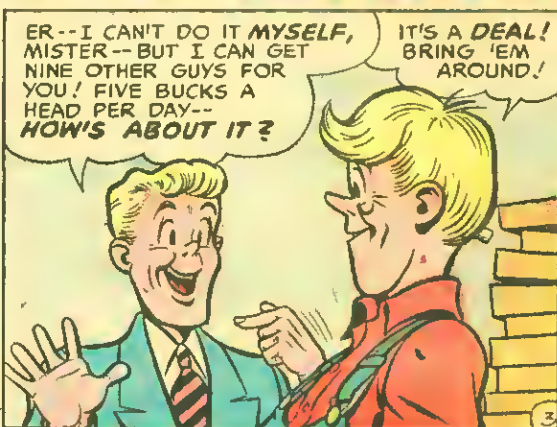
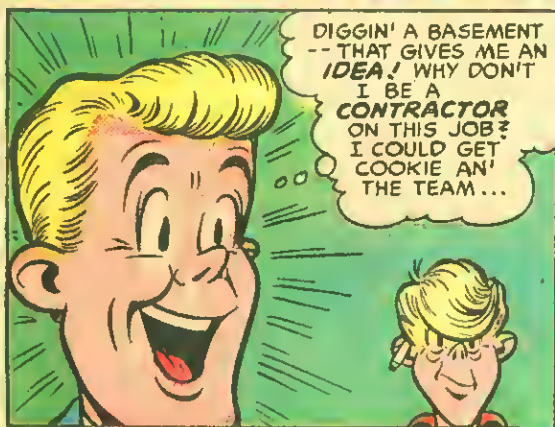
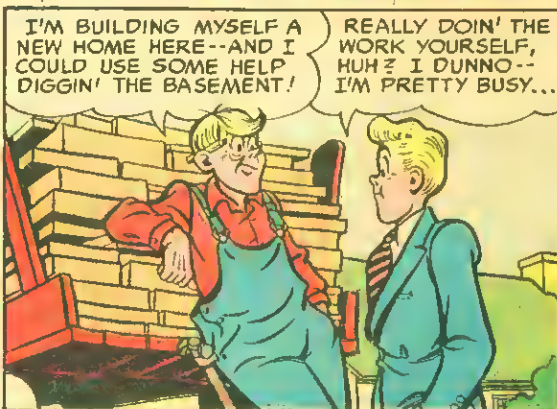
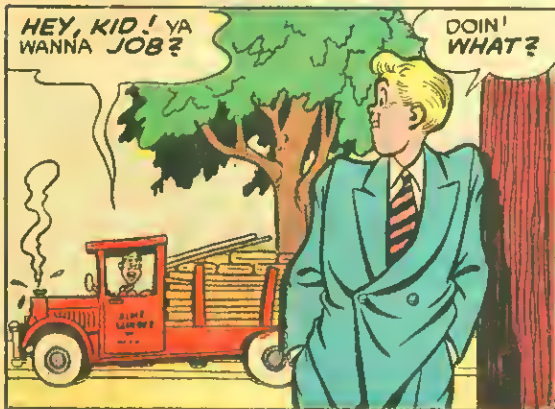
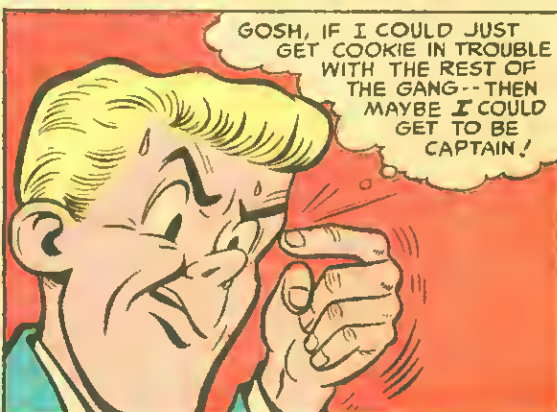
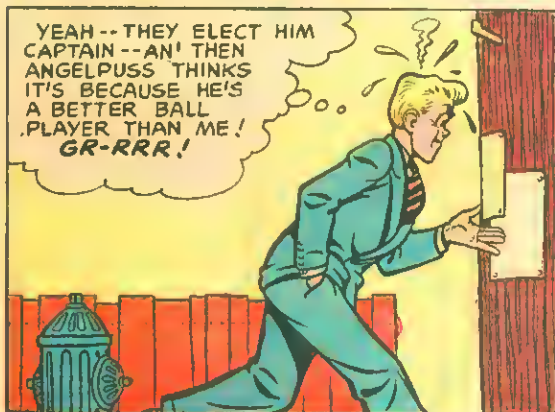
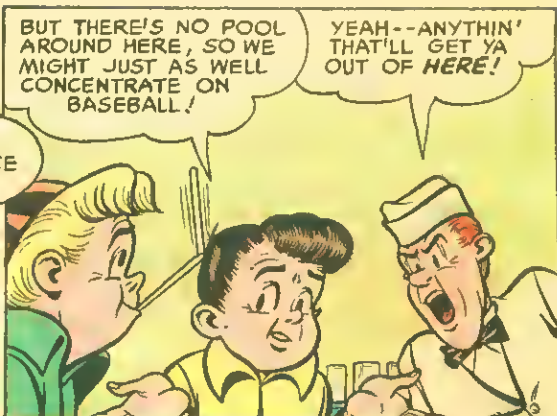
WHO'S OH FIRST, ABBOTT OR COSTELLO?

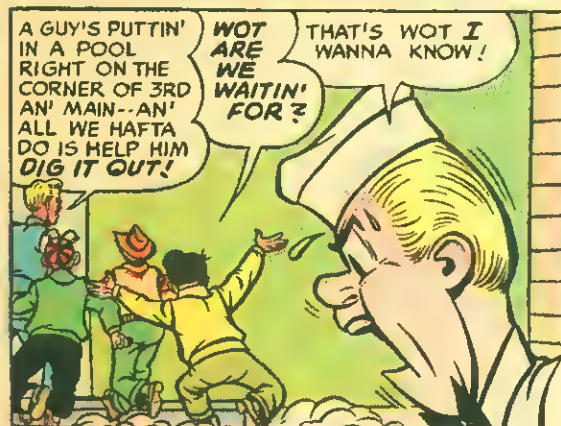
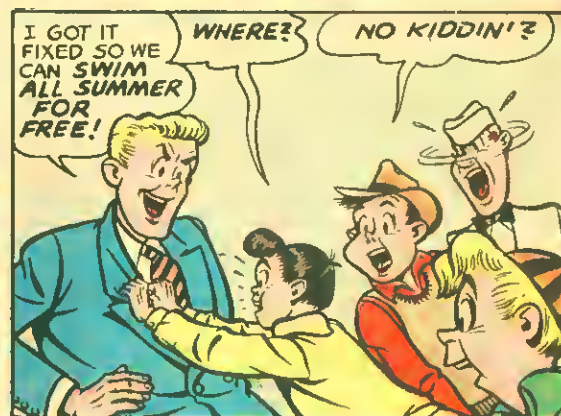
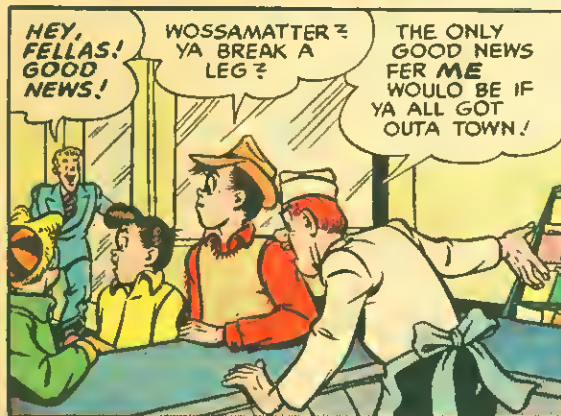
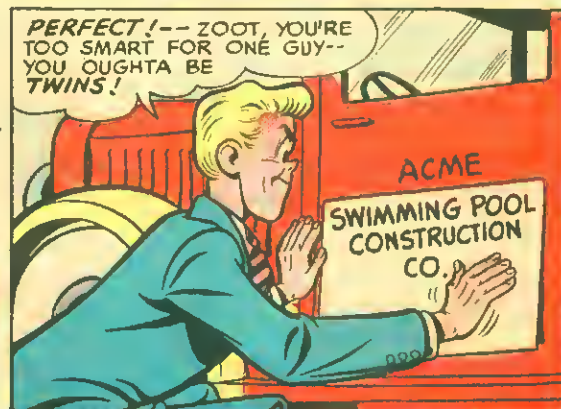
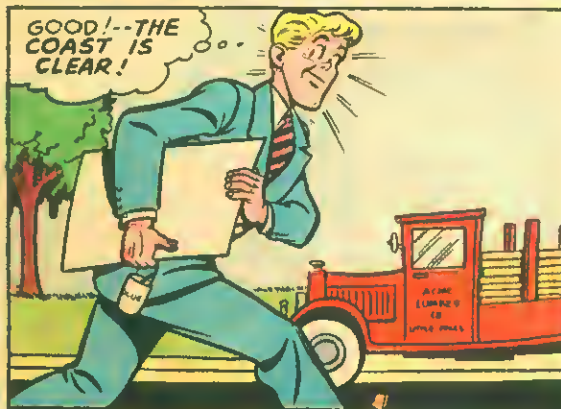
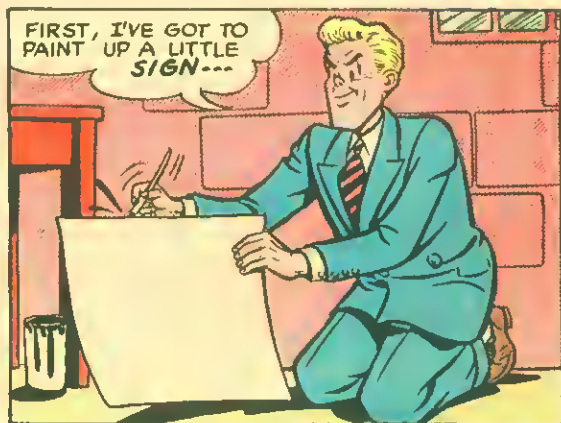
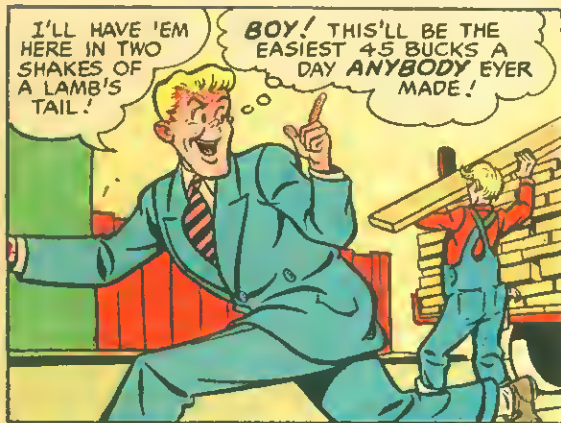
BE SERIOUS, WILLYA, ZOOT? WE WANNA WIN A FEW GAMES THIS YEAR!

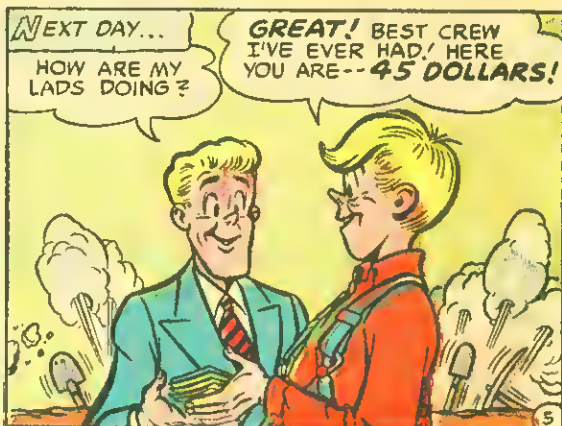
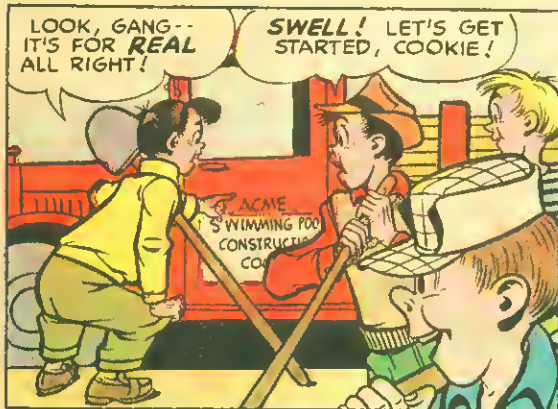
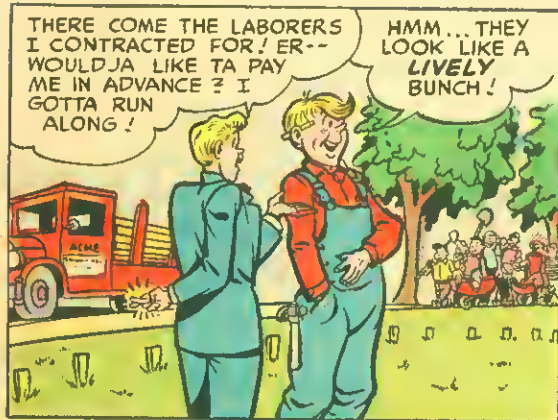
MAYBE YOU'D LIKE A **SODA**--OR SOME **ICE CREAM**?

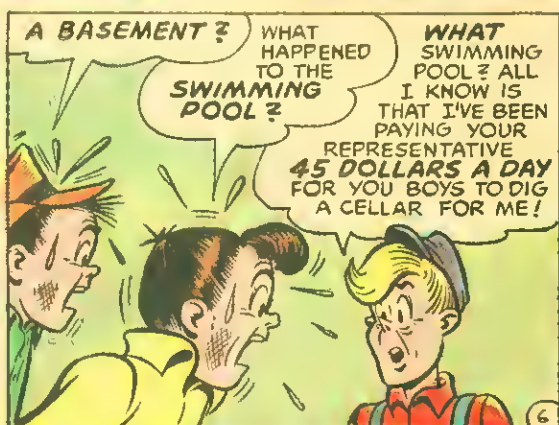
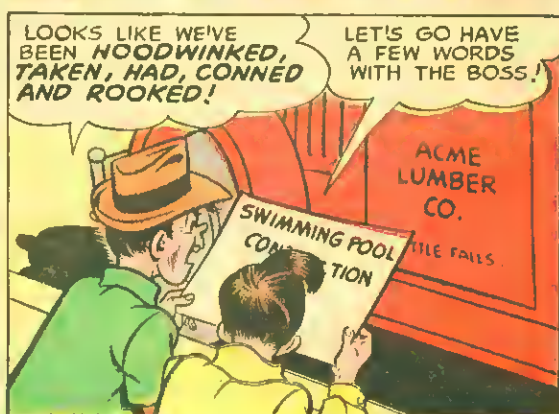
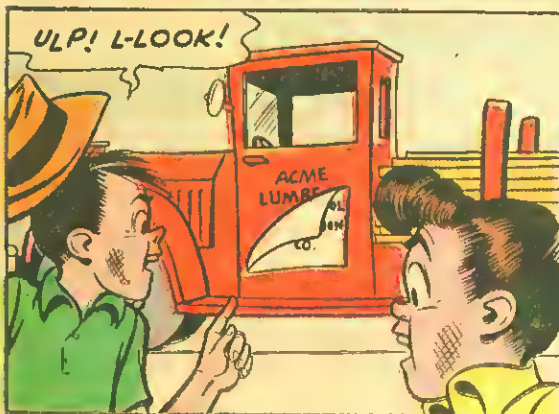
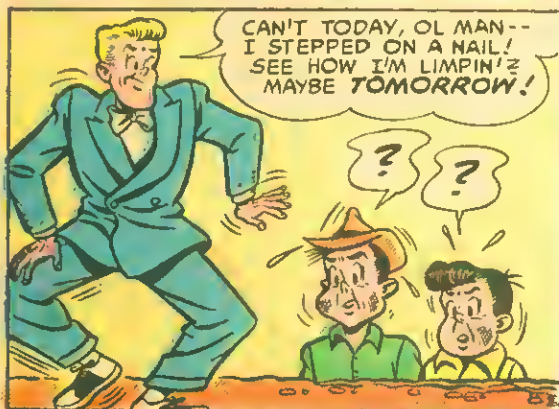
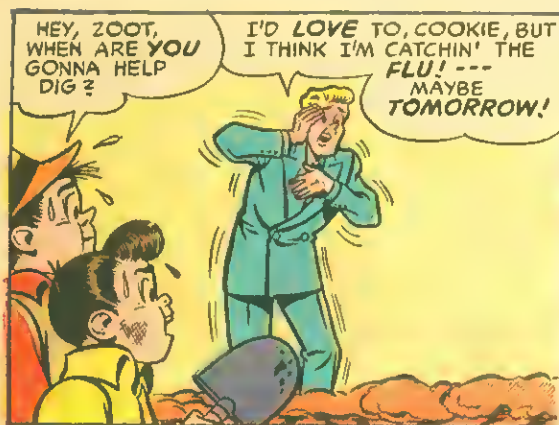


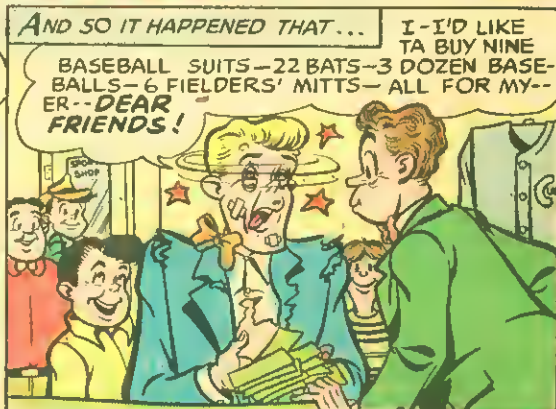
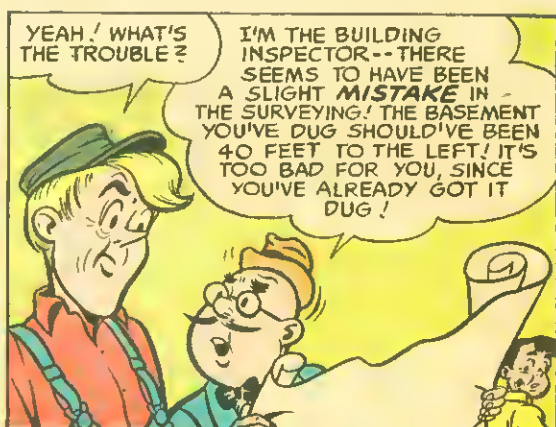












HOT ROD

HOT SHOT!

"WOULDN'T YOU JUST know it!"

Deedee thought impatiently. "Harold Phelps...that old bookworm!" She gazed coldly at Harold, wishing he would take the hint and go away. But Harold, completely unaware of Deedee's inner thoughts, seemed to concentrate only on the road ahead and the manner in which Roy Hagen was driving his hot rod.

The way it had all come about was this. Harold had called Deedee earlier that evening and asked if he could come over to her house with some new records he'd just bought. And truth to tell, Deedee had thought it a simply lovely idea...until Roy, tooting and honking that wild horn of his, had screeched to a fabulous atop in front of her house and asked her if she'd like to go driving in The Comet.

What could Deedee do? She wished Harold a million miles away, but wishing did not make it so. And there she was, sitting next to Roy in the hot rod...and there was Harold, sitting next to her!

"Roy's so...so...dashing!" she thought, comparing the two boys, much to poor Harold's disadvantage. "The way he owns this souped-up car and all! And drives it like mad!"

The more she thought about it, the more contemptuous she was of Harold, who was a nice boy and all that, but really! Hardly anyone's idea of a heart-throb!

Out on a country road, Roy smiled and said, "Now I'm going to show you what this jalop can do without interference! Wow!"

The jalop leaped forward with a mighty surge as Deedee squealed, half in delight, half in terror. Harold, remaining calm, said quietly, "There's

a funny knock in the jalop, Roy! Don't you think you ought to check into it?"

Roy snorted. "You stick-in-the-mud!" he laughed. "Always careful, aren't you? Never take any little old chances, do you?" Somehow, the way he said it, made Harold appear duller than ever to Deedee.

"Golly, Harold," she said, "if you're afraid..."

Blam! As the explosive sound filled the air, the hot rod shuddered to a stop, narrowly avoiding a brick wall. Deedee, turning pale, felt a little dizzy. "We...we might have been killed!" she gasped.

Roy, tinkering with the engine, was baffled. "Don't see a thing wrong," he said, mustering an air of bravado and nonchalance.

"Let me look." Quietly, Harold Phelps took over, sending a flashlight's shaft over the complicated interior of the souped-up engine. "There's your trouble spot!" he said. "Got a wrench?"

Deedee said nothing as she looked from one boy to the other. Funny...Roy didn't seem so smart and dashing as he waited for Harold to fix the car. It was Harold who looked...well...in command!

"She'll do now," Harold said. "How about driving home, Roy? And abiding by the speed limit?"

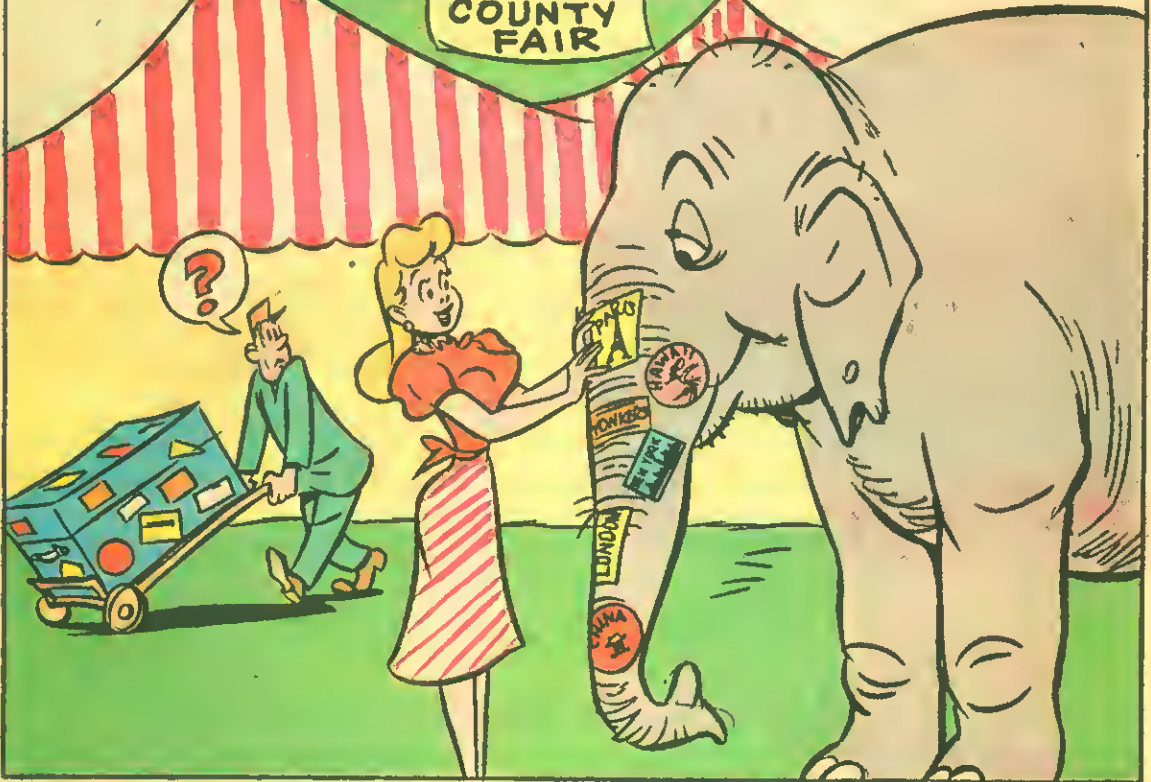
"Don't tell me you're scared!" Roy taunted. Then, before the level gazes of Harold and Deedee, he drove home...within the speed limit! Deedee sat as close to Harold as she could and as far away from Roy.

"Harold Phelps," she thought warmly, "is my kind of boy! He doesn't act like a hero...but I'll bet he could be one!"

MORONICA

MISS NITWIT of 1953

COUNTY FAIR



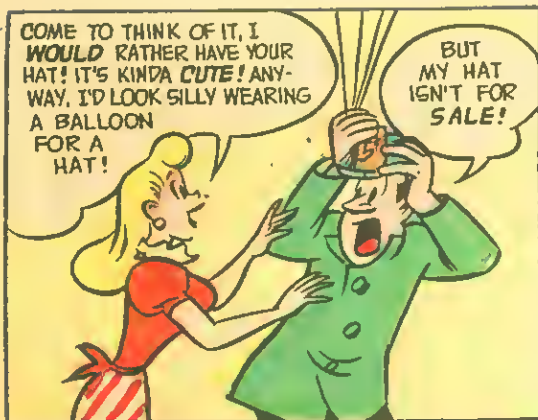
HOW MUCH ARE THE BALLOONS?

WHAT'S THE PRICE ON MY HAT SAY?



I DON'T WANT YOUR HAT! I WANT A BALLOON!





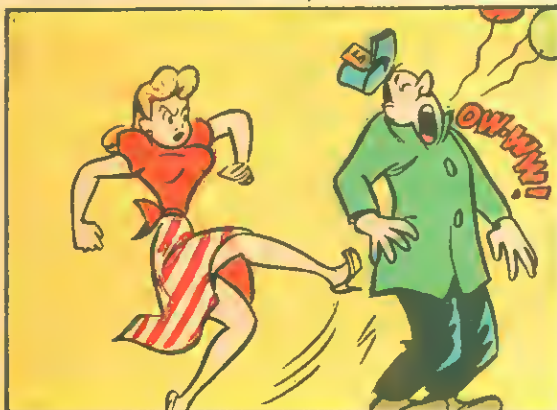
COME TO THINK OF IT, I **WOULD** RATHER HAVE YOUR HAT! IT'S KINDA **CUTE**! ANYWAY, I'D LOOK SILLY WEARING A **BALLOON** FOR A **HAT**!

BUT MY HAT ISN'T FOR **SALE**!

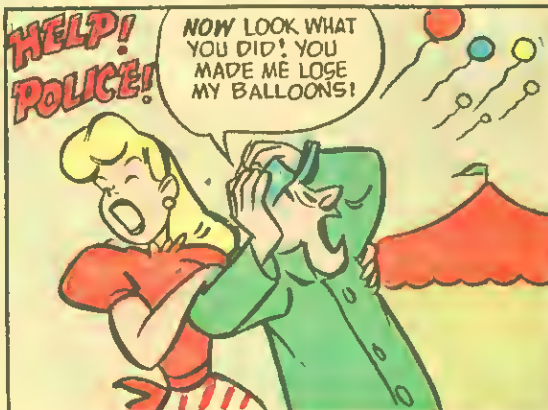


REMEMBER, THE **CUSTOMER** IS **ALWAYS** **RIGHT**! AND I **WANT** THAT **CUTE** **LITTLE** **HAT**!

GO **AWAY**, **LADY**! THAT'S **MINE**, **SEE**?

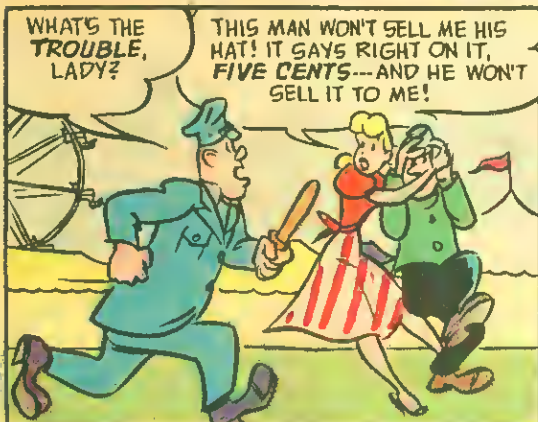


OW-WOW!



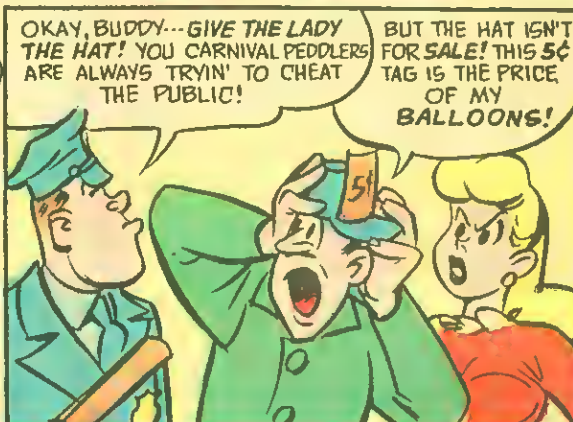
HELP!
POLICE!

NOW LOOK WHAT YOU DID! YOU MADE ME LOSE MY **BALLOONS**!



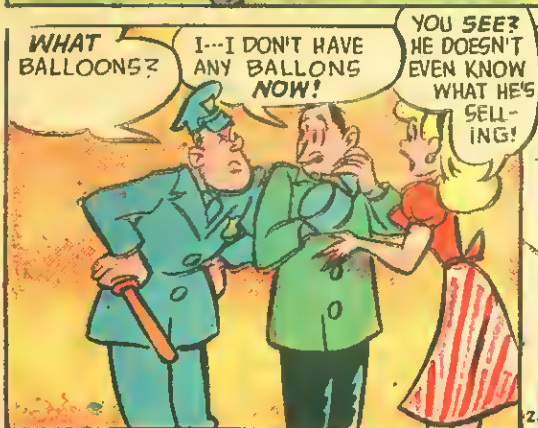
WHAT'S THE **TROUBLE**, **LADY**?

THIS MAN WON'T SELL ME HIS **HAT**! IT SAYS **RIGHT** ON IT, **FIVE** **CENTS**---AND HE WON'T SELL IT TO ME!



OKAY, **BUDDY**---GIVE THE **LADY** THE **HAT**! YOU **CARNIVAL** **PEDDLERS** ARE **ALWAYS** **TRYIN'** TO **CHEAT** THE **PUBLIC**!

BUT THE **HAT** ISN'T FOR **SALE**! THIS **5¢** **TAG** IS THE **PRICE** OF MY **BALLOONS**!



WHAT **BALLOONS**?

I---I DON'T HAVE ANY **BALLOONS** **NOW**!

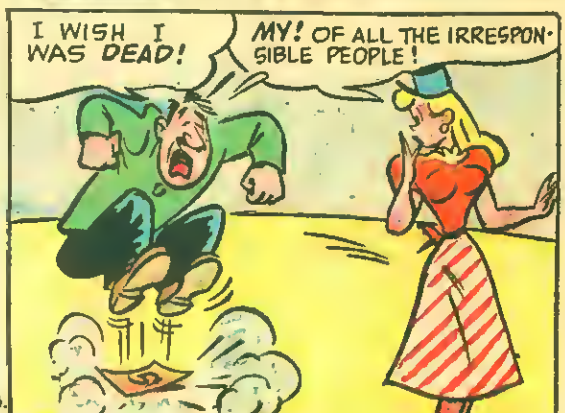
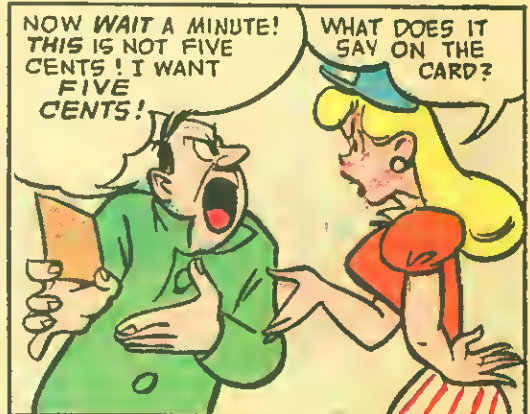
YOU **SEE**? HE DOESN'T EVEN **KNOW** WHAT HE'S **SELL-**
ING!

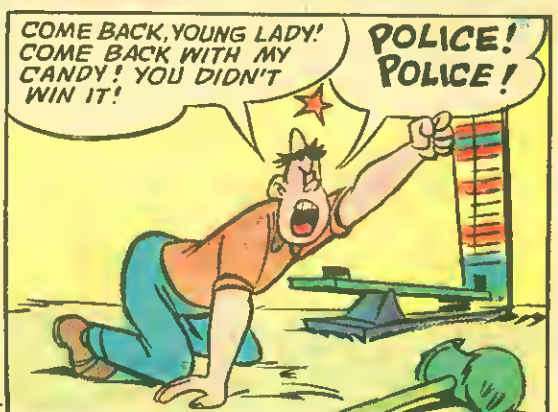
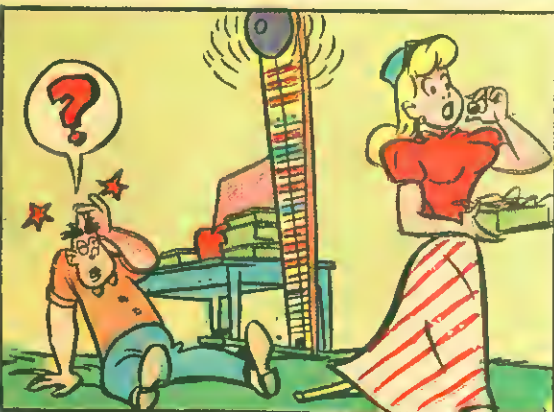
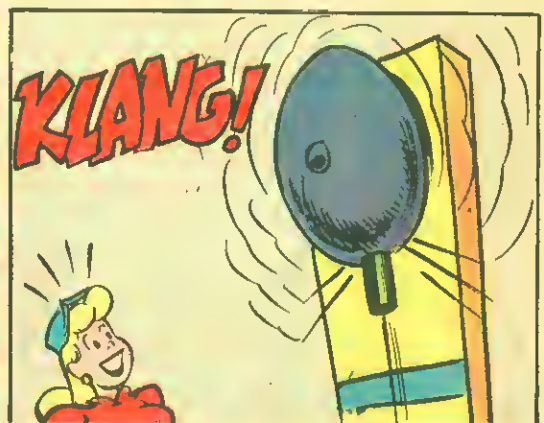
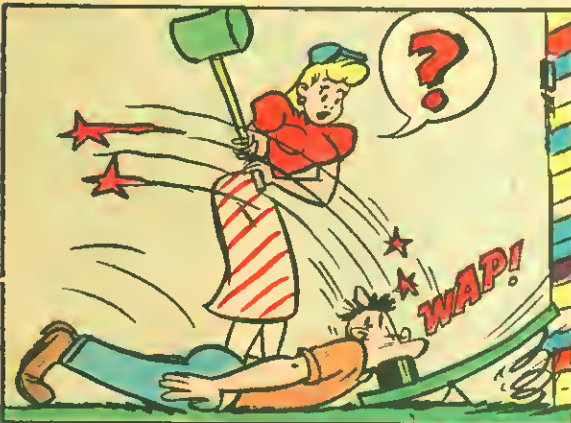
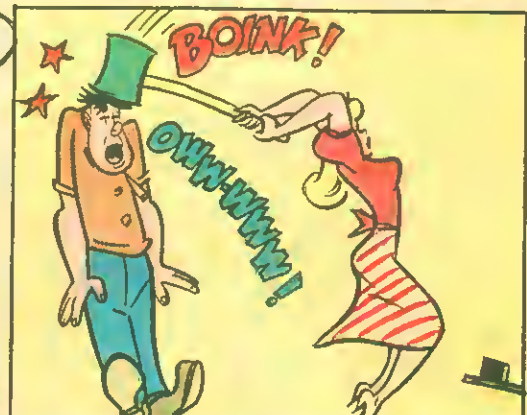
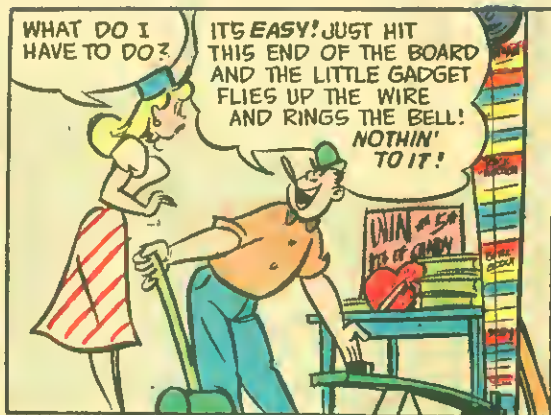
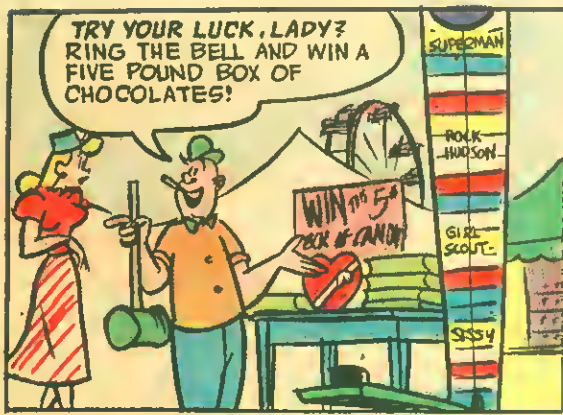


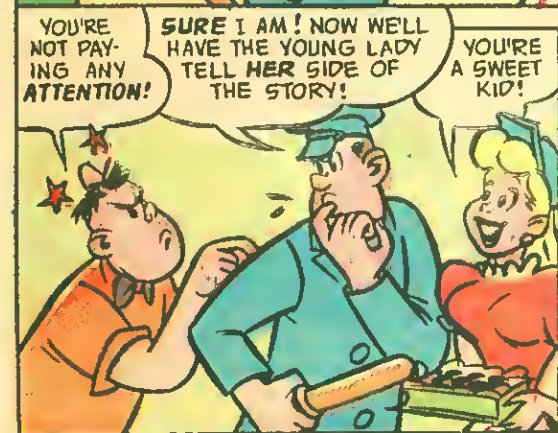
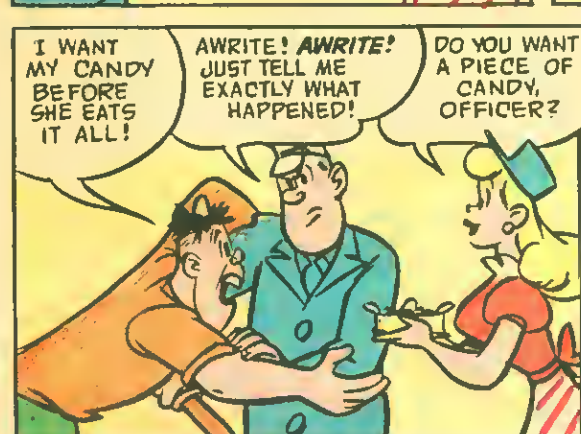
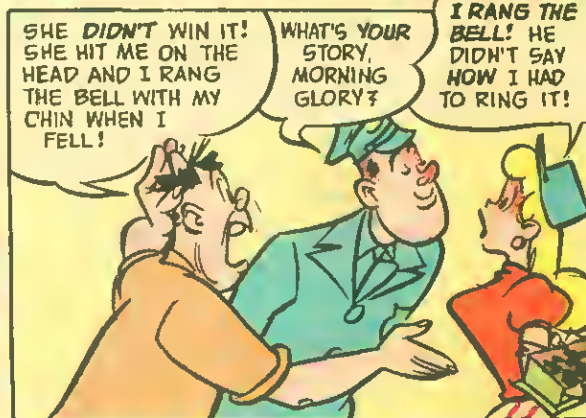
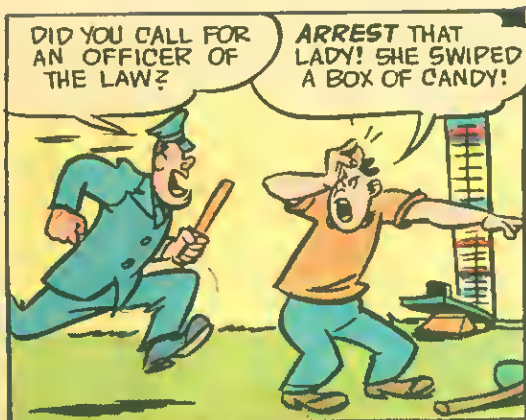
WELL, THEN, YOU'LL HAVE TO **GIVE** THE **LADY** YOUR **HAT**! YOU CAN'T **WALK** **AROUND** WITH **5¢** ON YOUR **HAT** AND NO **BALLOONS** - TO **SELL**! **REMEMBER**, THE **CUSTOMER** IS **ALWAYS** **RIGHT**!

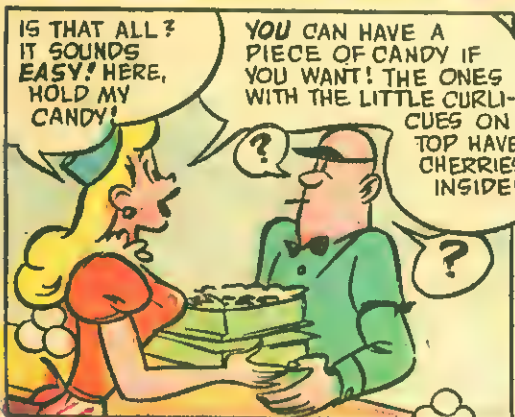
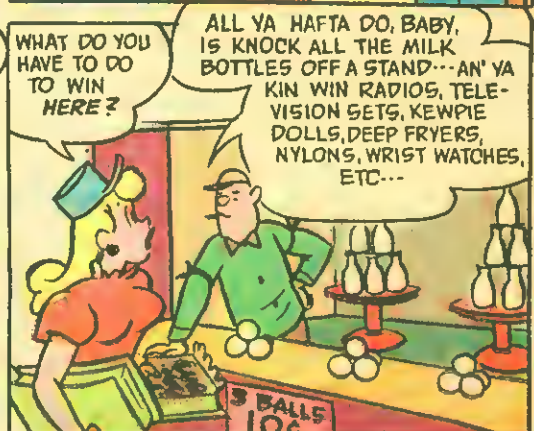
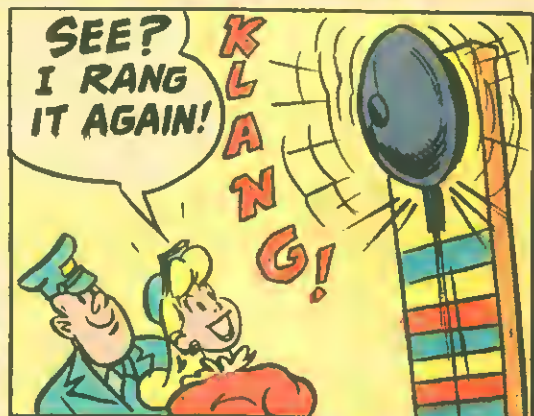
BUT--- BUT YOU DON'T **UNDERSTAND**! I HAD **BALLOONS**!

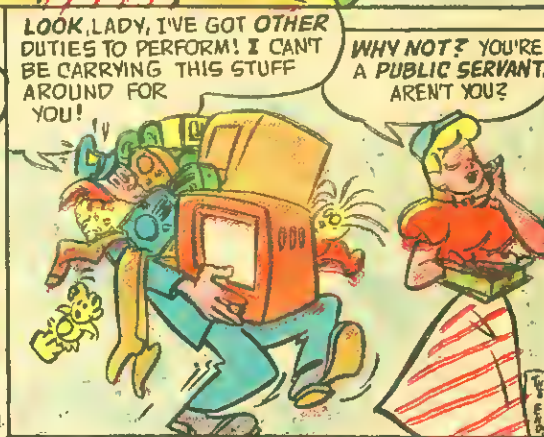
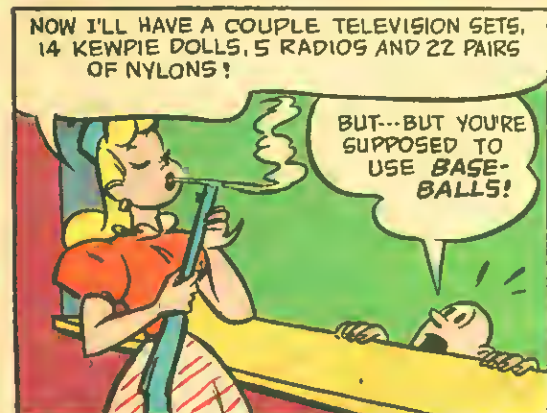
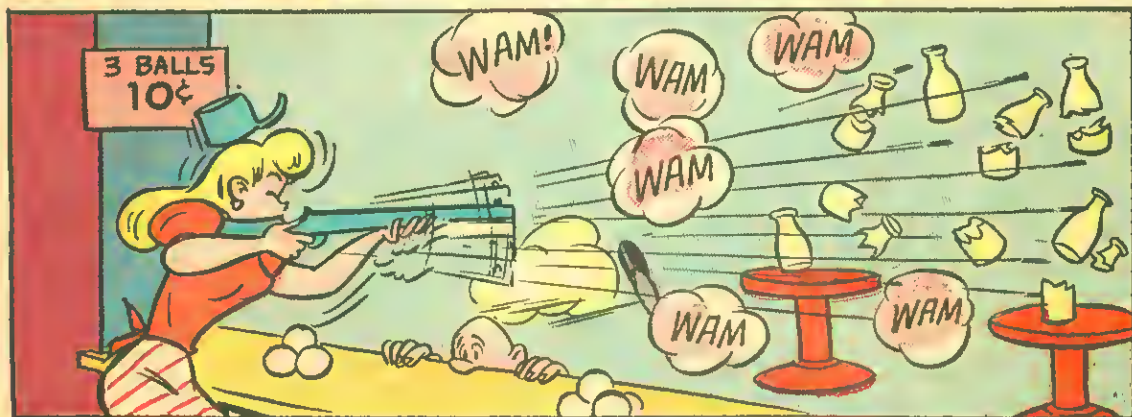
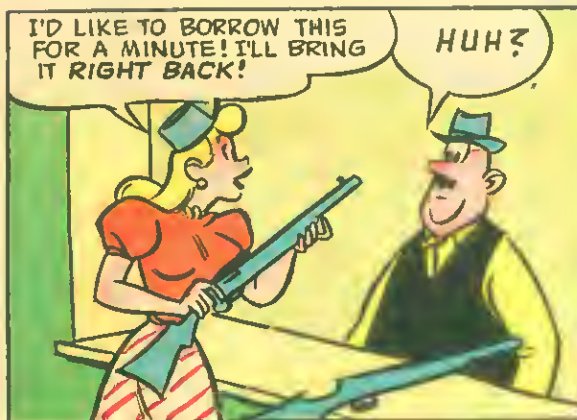
THANKS, **OFFICER**! YOU'RE **SWEET**!











The **PAYOFF**

AS THE GIRLS left the apartment hotel where they shared a small three-room flat, Hildegard's curls danced and bounced in the sunshine as Hildegard herself seemed to dance along the pavement. Lois moved sedately, with dignity, and looked disapprovingly at her friend and roommate.

"Hello, Mr. Rafferty," Hildegard called to the policeman on the corner. "Good morning, Mrs. Lane!" she greeted the lady who owned the small grocery shop down the street. "Hi, Timmy," she waved to the man who called for the laundry once a week.

"Really, Hildegard, how many times must I tell you to stop acting this way!" Lois was indignant with Hildegard and therefore did not call her "Hilly". "The way you go on with everybody who's nobody at all! How do you expect to get anywhere if you don't pick and choose your friends with discrimination and taste, the way I do!"

"But I like everybody!" Hilly protested, her blue eyes wide.

"That's the trouble," snapped Lois. "Mark my words, if you go on being chummy with every Tom, Dick and Harry, you'll never get into an exclusive set! That's what I hope to do!"

"But..." Hilly started to say something, but Lois cut her short.

"Here comes our bus," she said. "Hurry up, if we're going to make it!"

As the girls raced down the street towards the bus stop, there was a sudden sound, a screeching sound of hastily applied brakes. "Oh!" Hilly said. "The poor man!"

"Come on, Hilly!" Lois urged her, tugging at her sleeve. "You don't want to be late for work, do you?"

"But that taxi almost hit him!"

Hilly said. "Just look at him, all shaky and nervous. I'm going to help him!"

"Come on!" Lois repeated. "If you're late one more time, you'll be fired! Now, don't be silly..."

But Hilly was already on her way to take the old man's arm and lead him to a chair in the grocery store, where he could sit and rest a moment. At least ten busses went by before Hilly had fully convinced herself that the old man had had nothing more than a fright and was perfectly all right.

By the time she got to the office, Hilly was almost an hour late. The boss was in a rage and so was Lois. "Try to keep out of his way," she warned Hilly, "he's on the war-path!"

Too late for warning, for the boss had seen her! "So!" he shouted, waggling his finger under Hilly's pert nose. "Late again! Well, this is the last time, I promise you, because you're fired!"

"There, what did I tell you!" Lois pursed her lips righteously. "I warned you to stop taking up with all the nobodies in town! That's why you're late and that's why...why, Hilly, what on earth are you doing?"

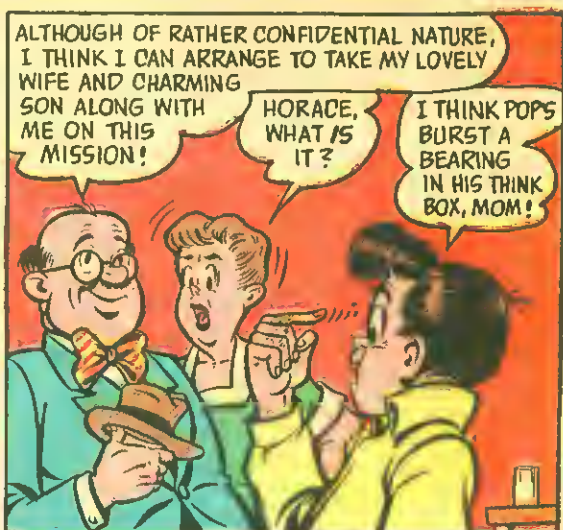
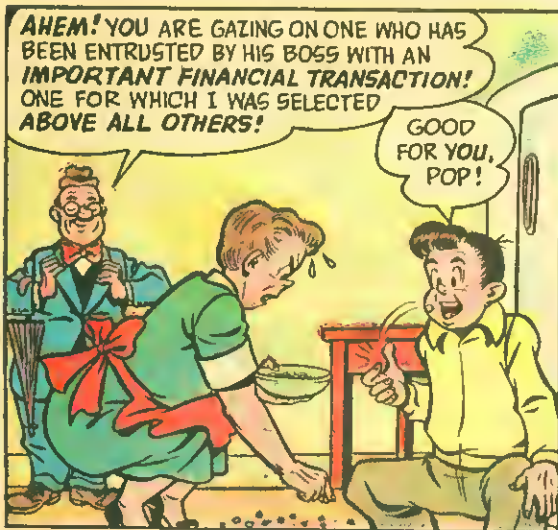
"Calling the latest nobody," Hilly giggled, as she dialled a phone number. "You see, Lois, the old man I helped this morning turned out to be Mr. Bledsoe!"

"The...the...millionaire?" Lois gasped and stuttered.

"Mm-hmm. And he said any time I needed a job or a friend to call him!" Hilly spoke into the phone. "This is Hilly," she said brightly. "Yes, Mr. Bledsoe, I'll be right over!"

"And I was telling her how to behave!" Lois moaned. "What a payoff!"

"COOKIE"



WELL, I WORKED OUT A SCIENTIFIC WAY TO WIN AT THE RACES---AND THE BOSS WANTS ME TO GO OUT TO THE TRACK AND PLACE SOME BETS FOR HIM!

OH!

THE BOSS HAS A BOX AT THE TRACK---AND THERE'S NO REASON WHY YOU AND COOKIE CAN'T GO ALONG WITH ME AND SEE THE RACES!

NOW WHAT WILL I WEAR--?

HOW ABOUT IT, COOKIE? WANT TO COME ALONG?

I GOTTA GET THE FRAMMIS WHEEL HOOKED TO THE GISMO GEAR IN THIS LARGE BENJAMIN---

--- THEN I GOTTA NEEL-AN'-TOE IT TO MY EVER-LOVIN' ANGELPUSS'Y TO SPIN A COUPLA HUNDRED REAL NERVOUS PLATTERS!

I HEAR THE BOY---HE SAYS WORDS--- WHY CAN'T I UNDERSTAND HIM? WHAT DID HE SAY?

HE SAID HE HAS TO FIX THE BIG BEN CLOCK---AND THEN HE'S WALKING TO HIS GIRL FRIEND'S HOUSE TO PLAY SOME JAZZ RECORDS!

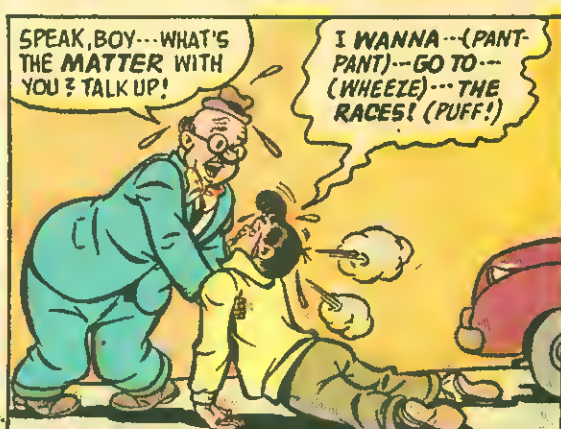
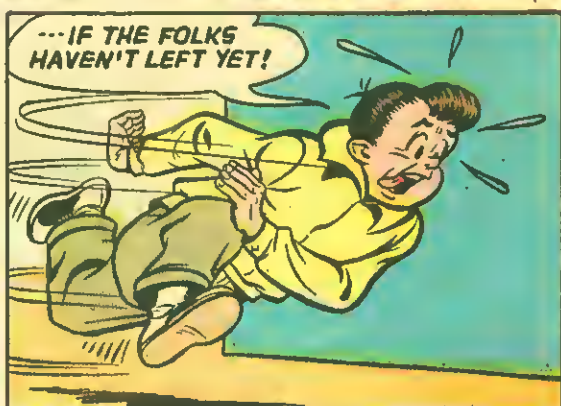
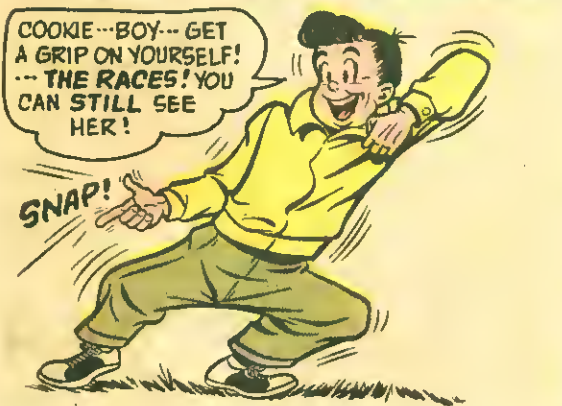
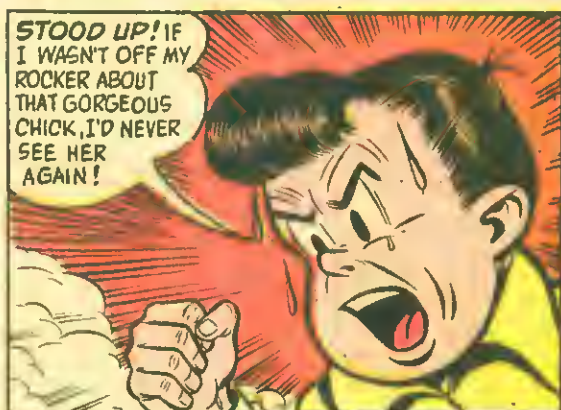
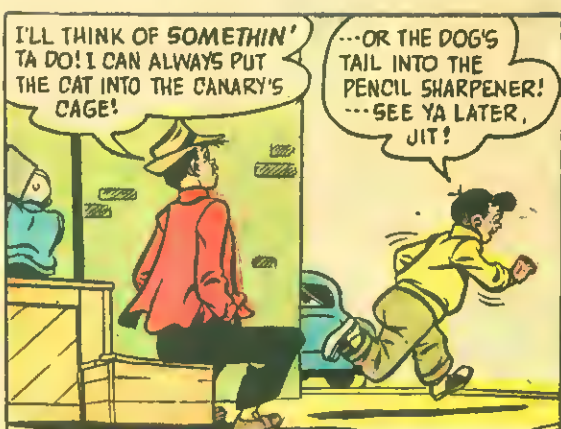
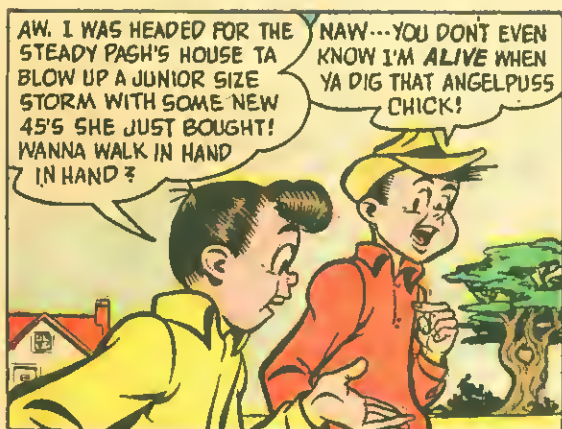
NO KIDDIN'! HE SAID THAT?

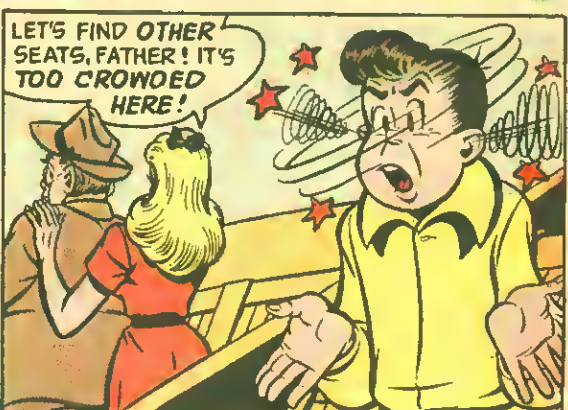
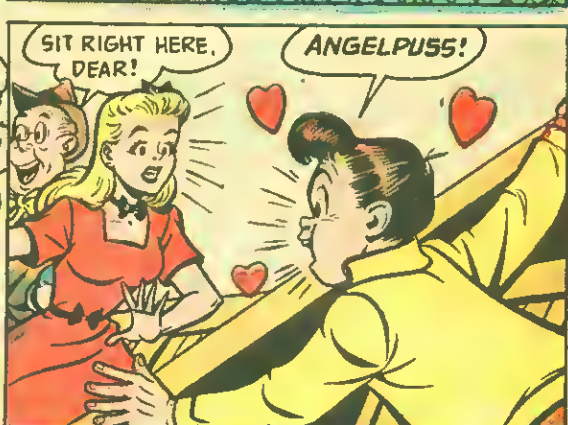
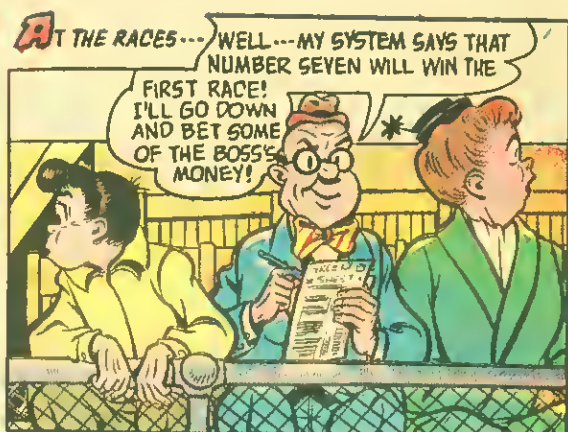
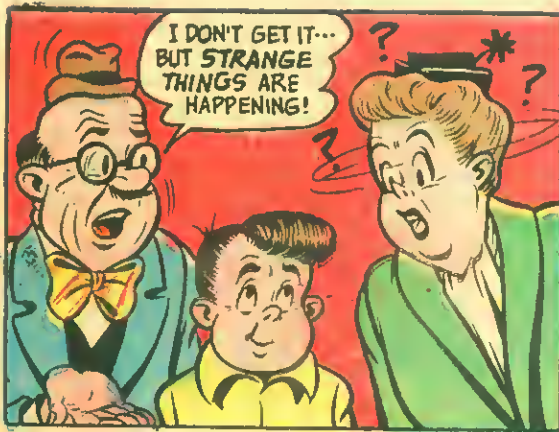
HI, JITTER-BUCK!

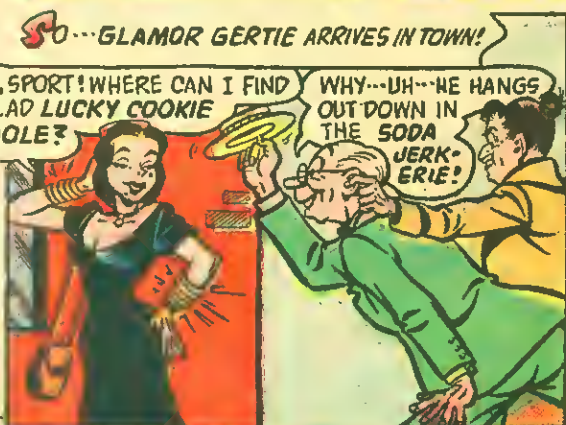
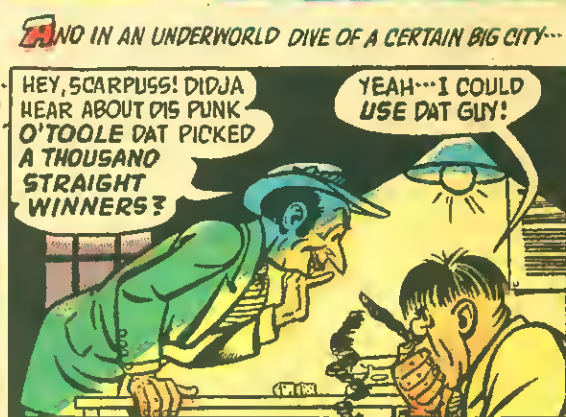
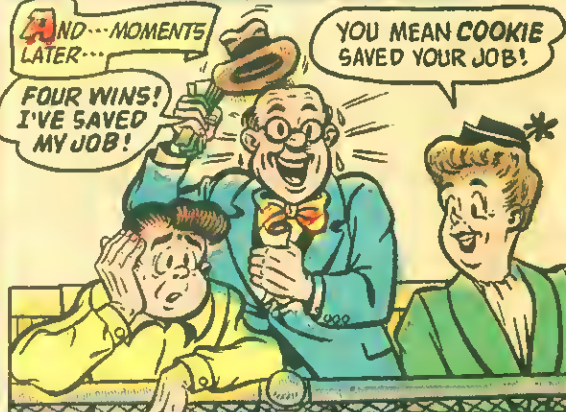
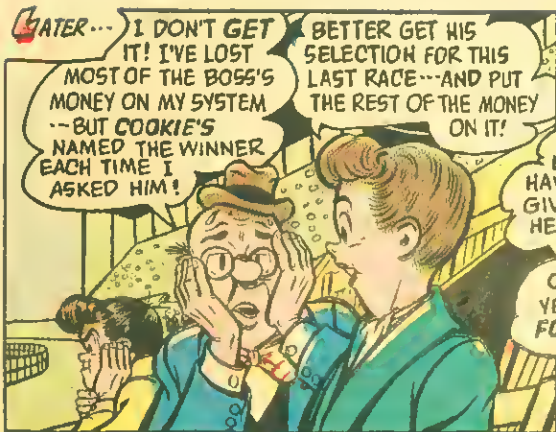
REVERSE YER PROPS, COOKIE! YER AT THE END OF THE RUNWAY!

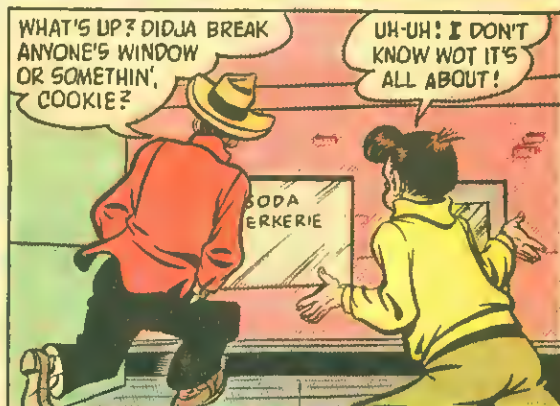
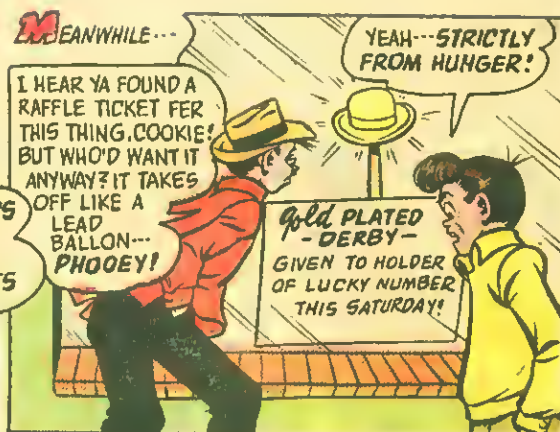
THE FOLKS WANTED ME TO GO TO THE RACES WITH THEM---BUT THAT CAME ON LIKE AN ARSENIC SANDWICH!

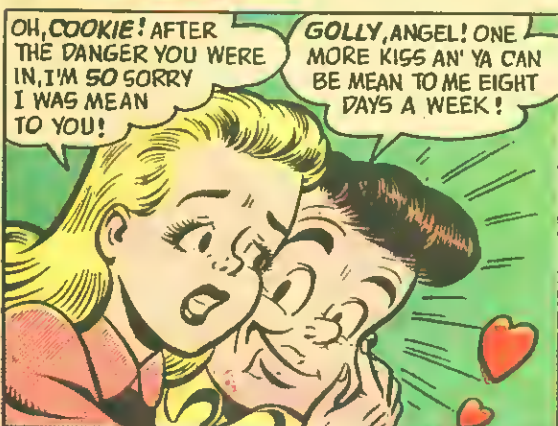
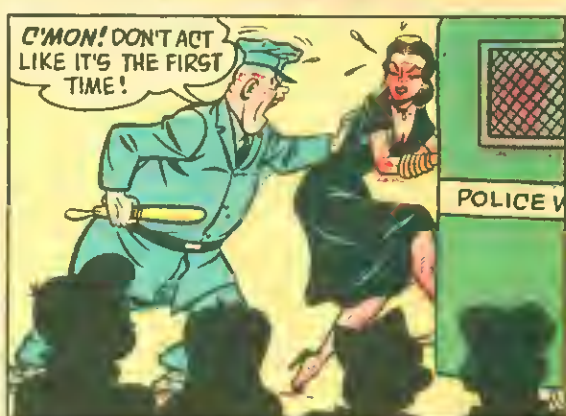
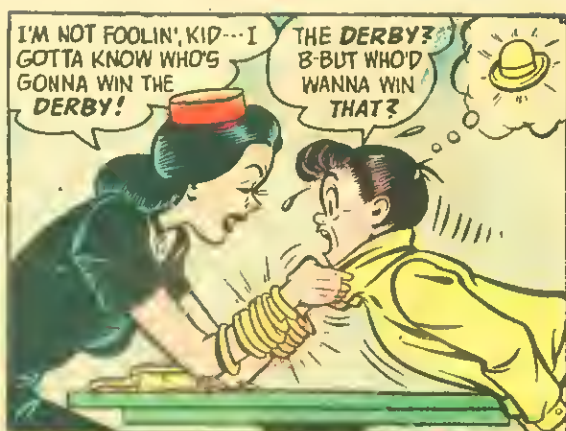
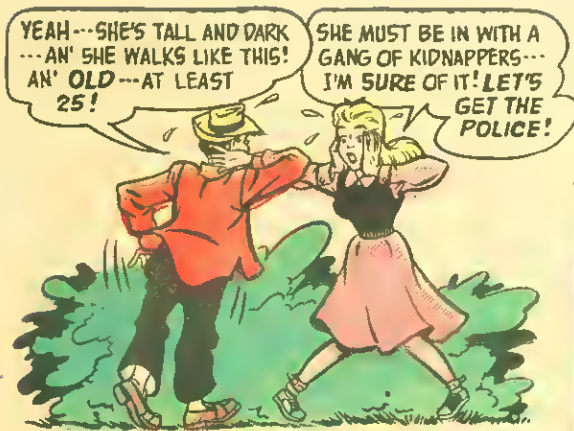
SO WOT WUZ ON YER RADAR SCREEN WHEN I STOPPED YA?











FREE.. 10 HITLER STAMPS



10 Scarce Stamps—All Different—Sent Free

TO SECURE NAMES FOR OUR MAILING LIST

MAIL coupon at once. We'll send you this fascinating set of 10 Hitler stamps. Different sizes, colors, values. **NO COST TO YOU.**

These valuable stamps were issued by the short-lived nation of Bohemia-Moravia. They are much sought after. Now they are becoming **SCARCE**. And since the nation is no longer in existence—no new issues can be minted. Our supply is limited. So, don't ask for more than one set.

FREE 32-Page Book

In addition to the **FREE** Hitler Stamps, we'll also include other interesting offers for your inspection—**PLUS** a **FREE** copy of our helpful, informative book, "How To Collect Postage Stamps." It contains fascinating and true stories such as the one about the 1¢ stamp (which a schoolboy gladly sold for \$1.50) and which was later bought for **FORTY THOUSAND DOLLARS**.

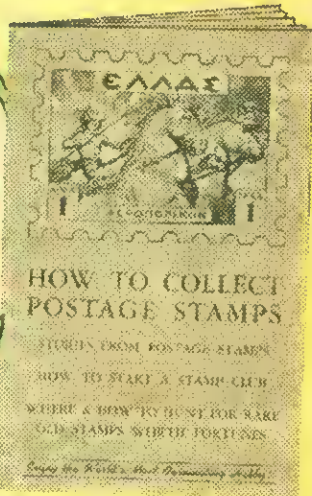
This Free Book also contains expert advice on collecting; shows how to get started; where and how to find rare stamps; how to tell their real value; how to mount them, trade them; how to start a stamp club; exciting stamp games, etc. It has pictures galore! Full pages of pictures showing odd stamps depicting native men and women from faraway lands; ferocious beasts, etc.

MAIL COUPON NOW

Be the first in your neighborhood to have this valuable set of Hitler Stamps. Your friends will envy you for it and want to buy the set from you. It will become one of the most prized sets of any stamp collection. But you must hurry if you want to get the 10 Hitler Stamps **FREE**. This special offer may have to be withdrawn soon. If coupon has already been used, write direct to: Littleton Stamp Co., DEPT. 9-ACG, Littleton, New Hampshire. (Enclose 10¢ to help cover postage and handling).

**Also
Free**

**Supply Limited
Mail Coupon At Once!**



**LITTLETON STAMP CO.,
DEPT. 9-ACG, LITTLETON, N. H.**

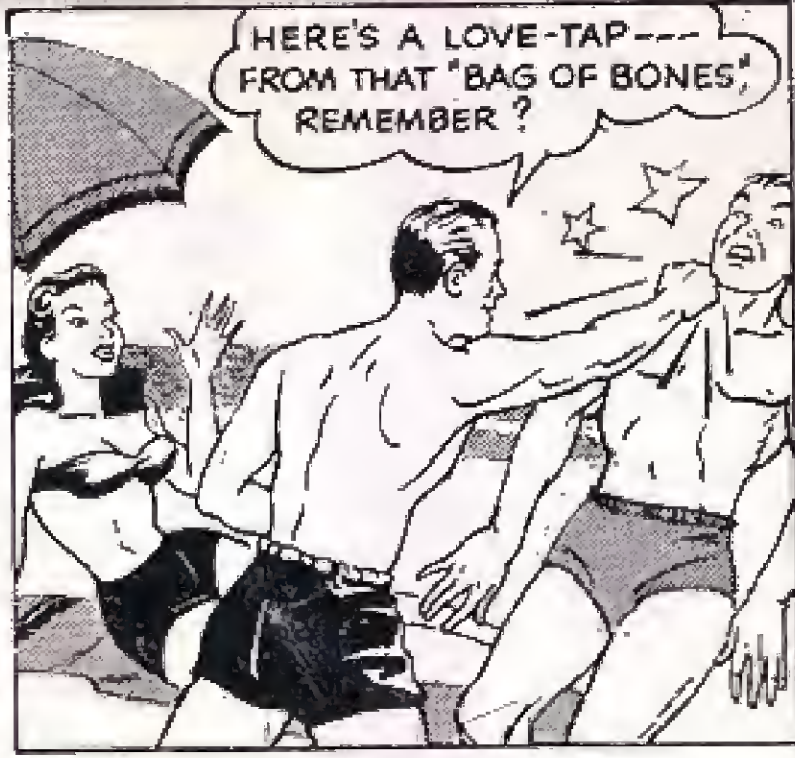
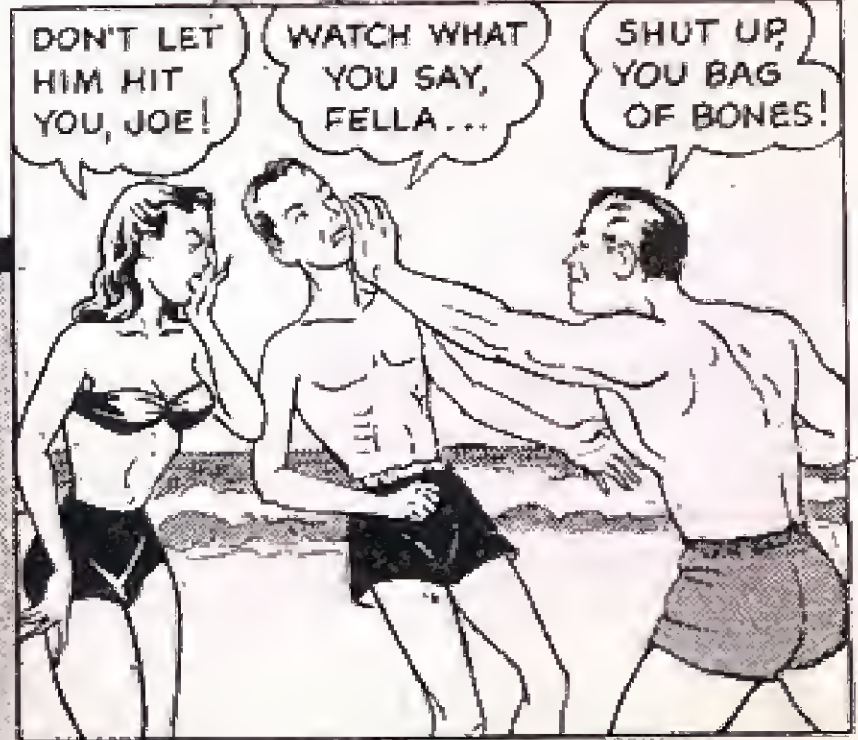
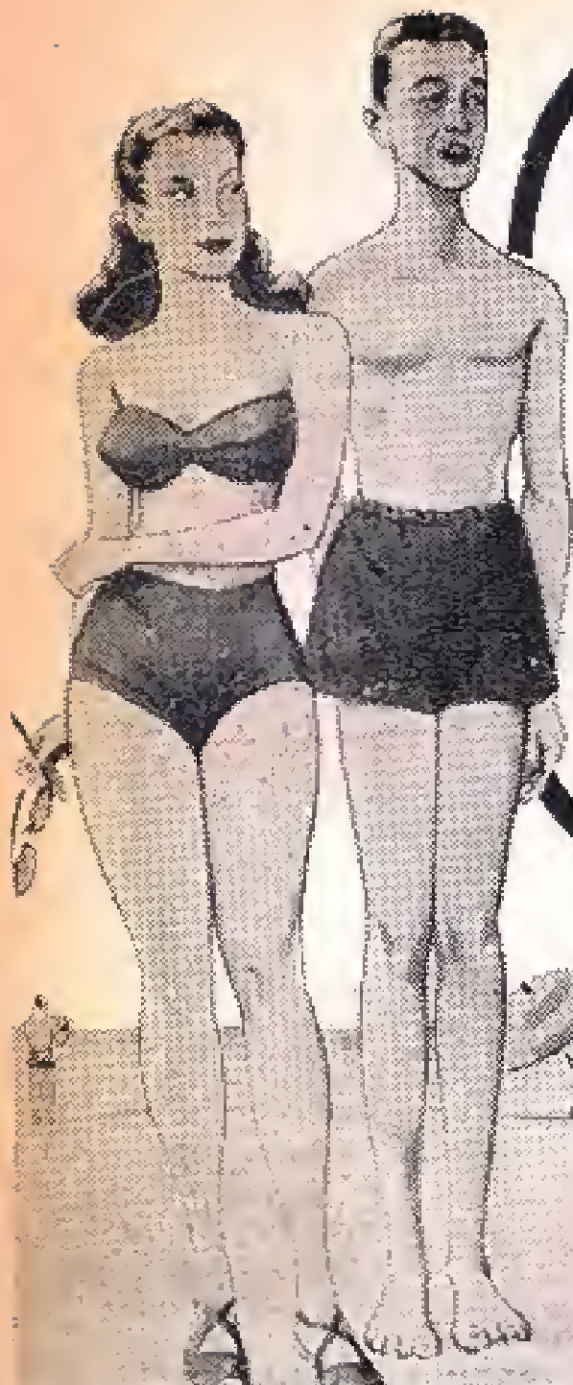
Send—**AT NO COST TO ME**—the valuable set of 10 Hitler stamps and the informative booklet, "How To Collect Postage Stamps." I enclose 10¢ to help cover postage and handling.

Name.....

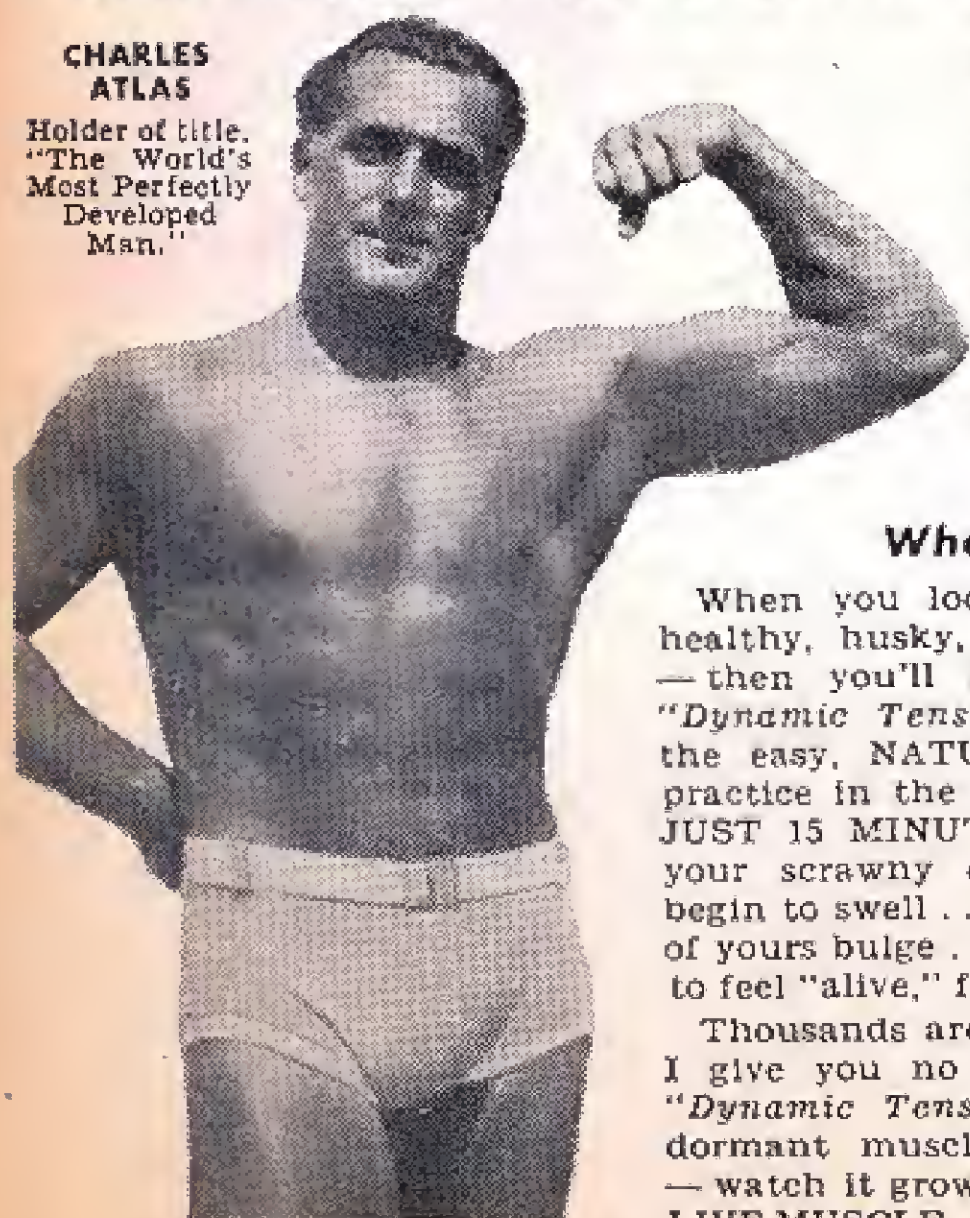
Address.....

City.....State.....

Hey
SKINNY!
...YER RIBS
ARE SHOWING!



I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, In Only 15 Minutes a Day!



CHARLES ATLAS
Holder of title,
"The World's
Most Perfectly
Developed
Man."

PEOPLE used to laugh at my skinny 97-pound body. I was ashamed to strip for sports or for a swim. Girls made fun of me behind my back. THEN I discovered my body - building system, "Dynamic Tension." It made me such a complete specimen of manhood that I hold the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

What's My Secret?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, fellow smiling back at you — then you'll be astonished at how fast "Dynamic Tension" GETS RESULTS! It is the easy, NATURAL method and you can practice in the privacy of your own room — JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY. Just watch your scrawny chest and shoulder muscles begin to swell . . . those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge . . . and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

Thousands are becoming husky — my way. I give you no gadgets to fool with. With "Dynamic Tension" you simply utilize the dormant muscle-power in your own body — watch it grow and multiply into real, solid LIVE MUSCLE.

FREE My 32-Page Illustrated Book is Yours — Not for \$1.00 or 10c — But FREE

Send for my book, *Everlasting Health and Strength*. 32 pages of photos, valuable advice. Shows what *Dynamic Tension* can do, answers vital questions. A real prize for any fellow who wants a better build. I'll send you a copy FREE. It may change your whole life. Rush coupon to me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. 29 115 E. 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.



CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 29
115 East 23 St., New York 10, N.Y.

Send me — absolutely FREE — a copy of your famous book, *Everlasting Health and Strength* — 32 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital questions, and valuable advice. This book is mine to keep, and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

Name..... Age.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address

City..... State.....
☐ If under 14 years of age check here for Booklet A.

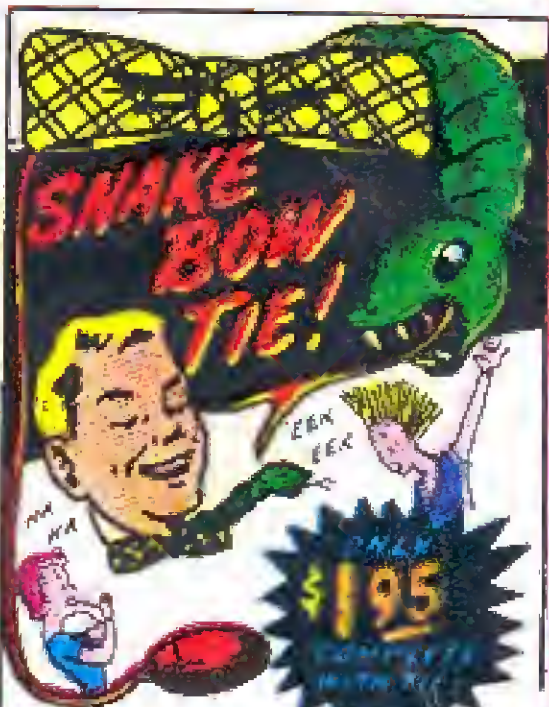


Uncle Bernie's FUN SHOP

BUY NOW
at our
Low Low
PRICES!

SEND NO MONEY

C.O.D. you pay postage
and handling charges. Remit
with order, we pay postage.

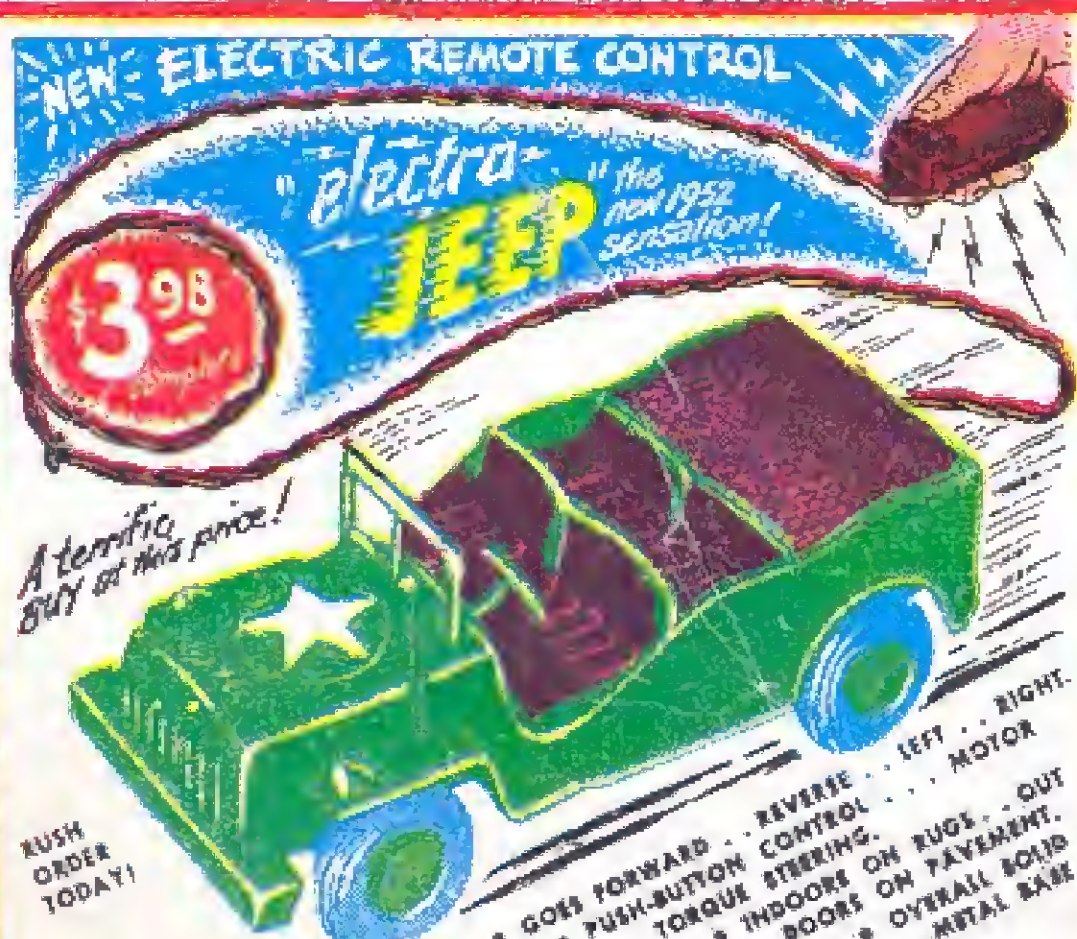


Be the life of the party with our NEW ACTION SNAKE BOW-TIE. You can be the snake-charmer by just pushing the hidden bulb and watch the snake slither in and out of tie. A real action novelty that will amuse and mystify your friends, just watch the said shrike with terror and howl with delight. **SEND NO MONEY!** Pay postman \$1.95 plus postage and handling charges or send \$1.95 and we pay all charges.



- ▶ IT'S NEW — IT'S DIFFERENT
- ▶ BEAUTIFULLY MOLDED PLASTIC GYM
- ▶ FISH SWIM THROUGH MAGIC LOOP
- ▶ DECORATES END TABLES, BOOKCASES, ETC.

What keeps the water in the loop? Amaze and mystify your friends with this sensational new "mystery" fish-bowl molded from clear durable plastic with a scientific tube loop. Fill it with approximately 1/2 gallon of water as per our secret instructions, then insert two or three of your pet goldfish. You'll watch them for hours and hours as they risk and frolic through the loop. The perfect compliment to any room. Decorates end-tables, bookcases, etc. Makes a wonderful gift. **SEND NO MONEY.** (C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)



Here is the sensational new scale model ELECTRA JEEP that captivates every child! Push the button and off she goes—forward, to the left, to the right, or reverse. Runs outdoors on pavement or indoors on rug. Over 1/2 foot long with overall solid metal base and solid rubber wheels, and motor torque steering. Loads of fun for children and grownups alike! Rush your order today! **SEND NO MONEY.** (C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

Hi! I'm GINGER!
the Doll whose HAIR
YOU CAN WAVE!

FREE HAIR WAVE KIT



A wonderful new doll in washable rubber Wonderskin whose hair is so lifelike it can be waved in any style and rewaved just like your own. A perfect playmate for the "Junior Mother" of the house. Complete with real Hair-wave kit which consists of . . . plastic curlers . . . rubber waving bands . . . waving end papers . . . plastic comb . . . and bottle of hair wave lotion. Ginger is 11 inches tall. Her soft cuddly body which can be bathed will give the "Junior Miss" an almost real baby sister to play with.

TERRIFIC
VALUE!

only
\$3.98

complete

RUSH YOUR
ORDER TODAY!

HAPPY the Cowboy

- HE'S OVER 19" TALL!
- MOVES HIS MOUTH, ARMS AND LEGS!
- REAL COWBOY OUTFIT!

Hey kids—here's your chance to become a master ventriloquist—in a jiffy! Imagine—you can make **HAPPY the COWBOY** actually talk! (in your own voice, of course.) Pull the string in the back of his head—watch his lips move—hear your own words coming right out of **HAPPY'S** mouth! See how real he looks—rigged up in a cowboy hat, washable plaid shirt and western pants. Show off your skill at parties—at school! **SEND NO MONEY.** (C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)



only
\$2.98
complete

SEND COUPON!

NOVELTY MART, Dept. 139
59 East 8th Street, New York 3, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please send me the following:
Enclosed find: ☐ Check or M. O. ☐ C. O. D. plus postage.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Happy the Cowboy \$2.98 | <input type="checkbox"/> Ginger \$3.98 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Jeep \$3.98 | <input type="checkbox"/> FISH-BOWL \$2.98 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Snake-Bow \$1.95 | |

Name _____

Address _____ City _____ State _____

NOVELTY MART 59 East 8th Street, Dept. 139 New York 3,